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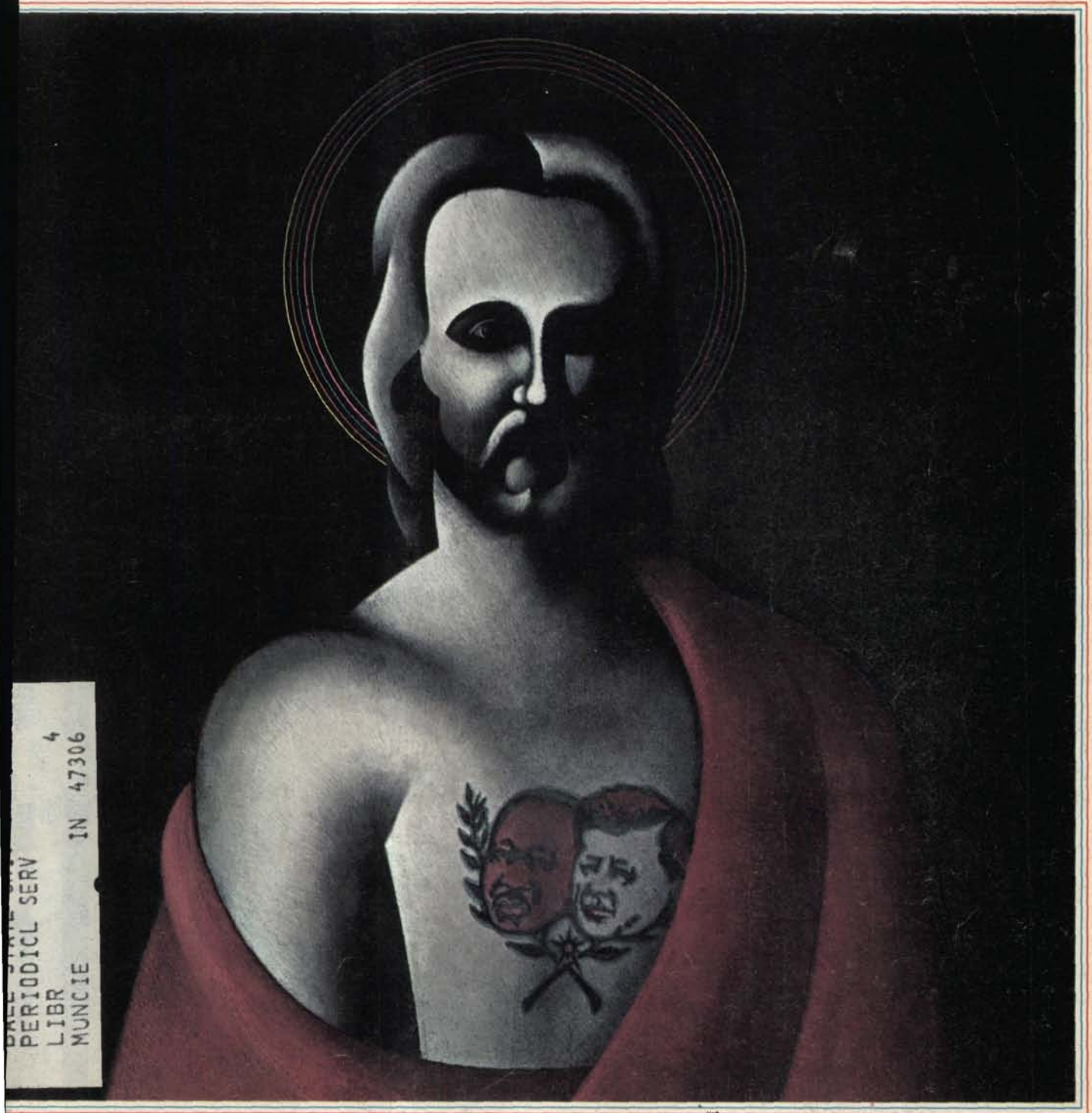

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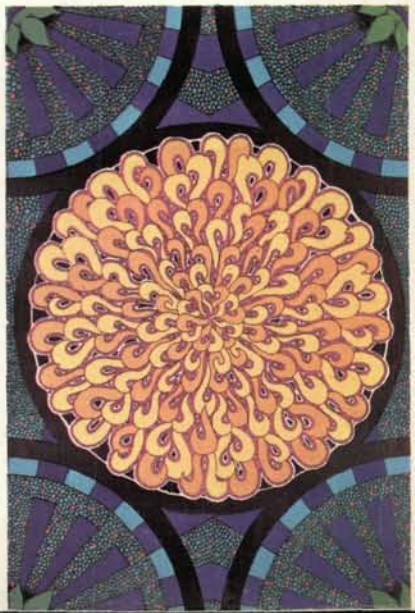

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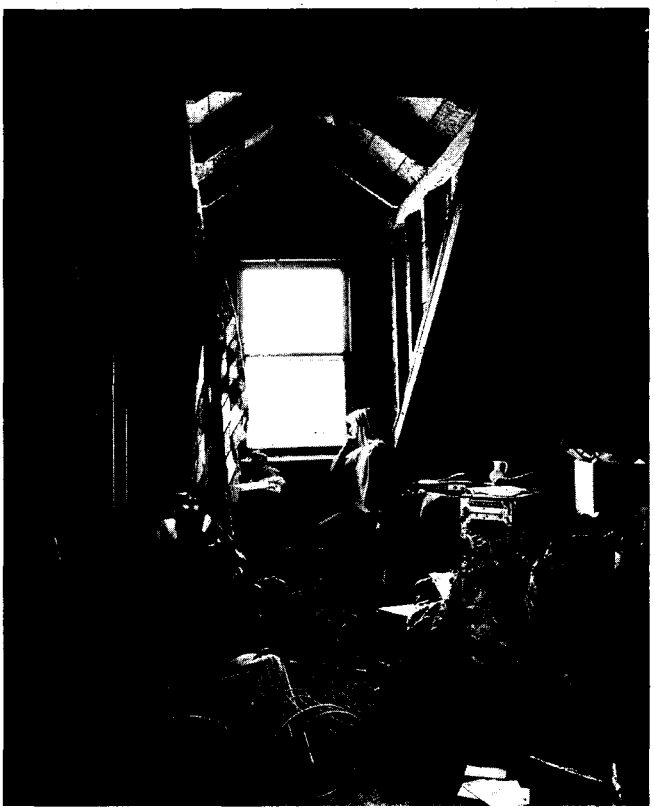

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Leading Articles:

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Apologia:

PERHAPS THE MOST noteworthy dump since Abelard found it necessary to leave Heloise obtained last month when the Saturday Evening Post announced unceremoniously that 3.5 million of its loyal subscribers had become burdensome.

The man who told all those people to please go away was Martin Ackerman, a rich young man who heads a smallish conglomerate called Perfect Film and Chemical Corporation, which is in the process of negotiating a delicate merger with Curtis Publishing and which hopes to share the Post's $57 million tax loss.

By dumping the half of the Post's circulation that involves poor and rural areas, Ackerman hopes to convince the gurus and soothsayers of Madison Avenue that the Post's surviving three million readers will be those better-groomed, relatively affluent, presumably swinging and presumably white city and suburban denizens whom big advertisers think they can manipulate best.

This act of self-disembowelment will no doubt cause a cultural shock out there in the boonies, where Norman Rockwell covers have been a wall-cover staple for generations. It is also something of a shame, since one presumes that those millions of less benighted souls actually *liked* the Post—the only mass magazine which editorialized strongly against America's involvement in Vietnam. Alas, Mr. Ackerman brazenly arranged for all those Post subscribers to receive, instead, Life magazine—whose editorial policy has recently undergone a process of liberalization from the unleash-Chiang position to the relatively more moderate unleash-Humphrey position.

Showing just what a friendly place the big publishing world can be, Mr. Ackerman not only got Life to shoulder his multimillion dollar circulation droppings, but negotiated a $5 million loan for Curtis from Time-Life Inc. This puts Time-Life pretty deep into the Curtis operations, which may make for some legal complications, since Curtis distributes Life's chief rival, Look, on the newsstands. Scriptwriters for Peyton Place may pick up from here.

All this hanky-panky serves to bear out the thesis of our Consulting Editor Howard Gossage that most magazines are in the keep of interests other than their readers'.

Very few magazines—RAMPARTS recently became one—charge enough for subscriptions to remain independent of the taut purse strings of Madison Avenue. As Barry Goldwater has said, with subsidy goes control. That is obvious, now that three million Saturday Evening Post readers have been wronged.

The *Catch-22* picture of grown publishers playing bean ball with three million subscriptions is, of course, bizarre. It is also outrageous, for it makes a joke of the guarantee of a free and independent press that is contained both in the Constitution and in the house ads of the Magazine Publishers Association.

Freedom of the press today is for publishers, not readers. It allows a Martin Ackerman to wheel and deal with his advertisers and fellow publishing giants, but it means that some poor schnook in Iowa is going to get Life even if, damn it, he wants the Post.—W.H.

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ON THE COVER: *America's Two Assassinated Martyrs; An artist's extraordinary homage and a disturbing parallel* [*p. 33*].

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Talk, Talk; Fight, Fight

By Tom Hayden

LAST SEPTEMBER A NORTH VIETNAMESE friend predicted to me that the war would reach its climax in 1968, not because of the American election, but because of the coming dry season campaigns. In the two dry seasons after the May 1965 arrival of the Marines, the American forces were able to mount large-scale "search-and-destroy" operations throughout the South. NLF representatives have confided that they did not know whether their forces would be able to withstand these U.S. offensives. The campaigns, however, turned out to be disastrous for the United States. Its forces could not be freed for new offensives because the U.S. was never able to build a base of armed and loyal Vietnamese. Thus the Americans failed to surprise and destroy the NLF in its base areas. The NLF kept the tactical offensive, initiating and breaking off most engagements, leaving U.S. troops idled in their forward positions, searching but not destroying.

In "Operation Attleboro" (November 1966) and "Junction City" (February 1967) in Tay Ninh Province, 50 miles northwest of Saigon, more than 30,000 U.S. troops were used in surprise offensives against a small area. In both cases, the guerrillas penetrated U.S. lines, fired mortar shells continuously into the U.S. headquarters, destroyed armored vehicles and helicopters by the score, and so disgraced the Americans that the unit commanders were removed. Reliable American correspondents in Saigon state privately that operations like these were the downfall of General Westmoreland.

By the beginning of the 1967-68 dry season, "stalemate" was the word journalists were using to describe the American situation. The NLF held more territory than ever before, its forces were larger and equipped with better weapons; and it was now the NLF which initiated action on the ground. Even if we grant what the NLF refuses to acknowledge—that there are large numbers of North Vietnamese troops in the northernmost province of South Vietnam—this does not explain their success. The troop strength increase was due to three factors: first, reinforcements of supplies and men from North Vietnam; second, the NLF's ability to recruit more people in the South by liberating new areas; third, the growth of NLF irregulars into more sophisticated regular soldiers.

The entire Marine force of more than 50,000 men was bogged down infantry-style, defending positions along the demilitarized zone, having repeatedly failed in their attempts to open a 100-mile line of "beachheads" around Danang. Thus the Marine defenders were trapped in a 1600-square-mile "area of responsibility" only one fortieth the size of South Vietnam. There was little action in the Central Highlands and almost none in the Mekong Delta, the NLF stronghold where one third of the South Vietnamese people live. While American commanders spread the myth that the NLF was too weak to fight anything but short engagements near its "sanctuaries" in Cambodia and Laos, more and more American troops were being pulled back to defend Saigon and other areas where the NLF had established strong underground forces. Indeed, then underway was a nationwide NLF offensive which was to climax at Tet.

The mounting NLF offensive was visible by October 1967, the time of the battle at Loc Ninh. U.S. officials first announced a major victory, claiming 106 Vietnamese killed in one day with only one American casualty. But when reporters reached the scene two days later, the story emerged that the "Viet Cong" had held the town for three days. At that time I interviewed an NLF official in Cambodia who remarked with great satisfaction that, after one month of the dry season, the guerrillas rather than the Americans were going on the offensive. He called Loc Ninh a classic battle.

"There were only puppet troops stationed there, but we wanted to wait for the Americans. After a day of bombing by their B-52's, they finally came, three battalions, including tanks and artillery. Because we were occupying the city they had to stay in the forest where there are no fortifications. But we had our principal force hidden in the forest. We attacked with artillery and wiped out their three battalions in night fighting."

The NLF offensive continued through the dry season with the battle for the hilltop of Dak To and then the long siege of Khe Sanh.

The Tet offensive was the culmination of these dry season actions. Attacking 140 U.S. positions at once, the offensive demonstrated a strength of military organization and an incredible degree of both open and secret political support for the NLF within U.S.-occupied areas. What was left of the pacification program was permanently destroyed, and the NLF established new military positions just outside the major air bases and cities. The military and political underground in the cities was strengthened. Surely this was not a last suicide stand as described by U.S. officials, but one of the great achievements in the history of warfare. It confirmed the prediction of my North Vietnamese friend that "South Vietnam as a whole will become a Dien Bien Phu."

AT THE SAME TIME, the NLF was broadening its political program to enlist new support from the Vietnamese middle and upper classes, including Saigon government and military officials whose nationalism was at last offended by what was in effect an American occupation war. In the American-sponsored elections of September 1967, several semi-popular candidates were barred from running, others were thrown in jail, widespread rigging was apparent, and yet the Thieu-Ky ticket could not win a majority even in Saigon.

For the elections, the NLF released its first political program since 1960, promising a "further broadening of the bloc of national union." The NLF program included pledges of reconciliation with patriotic groups outside its ranks, universal suffrage and secret ballot procedures in a free election, estab-

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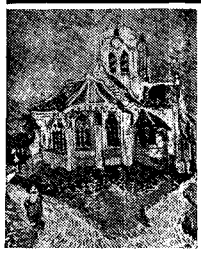

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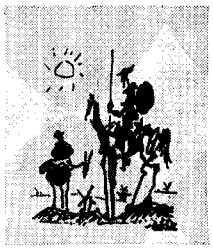

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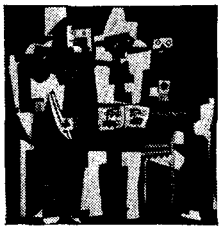

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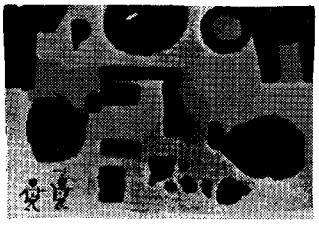

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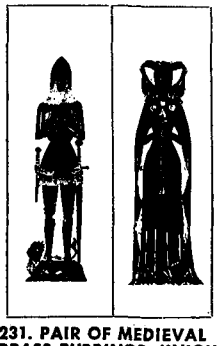

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lishment of a national union government, protection of private property, and further trade and cultural relations with countries like France. The drafting of the program had taken place throughout the previous year, and the timing of its release was designed to take advantage of the growing peace sentiments and anti-Americanism in the cities.

This political broadening reached a new stage during the Tet offensive with the creation of an "Alliance of National, Democratic and Peace Forces" among many well-to-do citizens of Saigon and Hue. The new alliance called for peace, the withdrawal of American troops and negotiations with the NLF. (Independent military units cooperating with the NLF troops have now appeared in several places. In fact, the elements of a national revolutionary administration now exist beneath the shell of American presence.)

Even before the Tet offensive the NLF envisioned a coalition government in the South, with the NLF coalition and its urban allies playing decisive roles. Control of this coalition, the Vietnamese have learned from dealing with the French and the Americans, is necessary for survival; it reflects the true balance of force in South Vietnam. Thieu and Ky represent a weightless clique. The "third force" of noncommunists, intellectuals and religious groups remains a wishful hope of American liberals, for, as an NLF spokesman says, "Before you can be a third or fourth or fifth force, first you must be a force."

Nevertheless the NLF position is flexible. While they are absolutely firm about their "national rights," they have already made key concessions. They have agreed to postpone reunification for several years; there will be an independent South Vietnamese state during the interim period and this state will be neutralist and non-socialistic. Moreover, with the appearance of the "Alliance of Peace and National Forces," the NLF is implicitly softening its claim to be the "sole genuine representative of the South Vietnamese people."

The NLF also seems prepared to be flexible about the manner of establishing a transitional government between the time of cease-fire and elections in the South. Significantly, they have decided so far not to declare themselves a provisional government or a government in exile, although they are recognized as the equivalent of such by Cambodia and Cuba. One NLF official describes the new program as "a constitution without a government yet." This is their way of remaining open to new elements.

Presumably, the new coalition could begin to form on local, provincial or central levels. It could come into existence as the "caretaker" government charged with holding elections; or it could be formed through the election process itself. One NLF representative has privately expressed favorable interest in the proposal of French scholar Philippe Devillers that the International Control Commission play the major role in arranging a cease-fire, holding elections and transferring power in the South.

IN THE FACE OF THE STRENGTH and the flexibility of the NLF at the moment negotiations are beginning, the American forces can only attempt desperately to improve their position.

The truth is that the American war in South Vietnam is being intensified. Sympathetic journalists inquiring about the possibility of visiting NLF zones are told politely that the war there is "more fierce than ever." Reduction of bombing in the North frees American resources to intensify bombing, strafing, harassment and interdiction near the DMZ and in the South. The military budget for the South has been increased. The U.S. military will destroy everything it possibly can in South Vietnam in anticipation of a possible cease-fire. And, if Korea is any example, the U.S. military can be expected to create incidents which threaten to break down the Paris talks. Hanoi's readiness to talk in Paris is a major deterrent to the massive escalation advocated by American hawks, just as the ongoing Geneva talks in 1954 prevented a possible American atomic attack on Vietnam.

It is naive to expect that any Washington administration would abandon South Vietnam after the 20-year commitment of money, arms and blood. Perhaps the U.S. is outgrowing its Korea-inspired view that an anti-communist stronghold can be set up in South Vietnam. But the new view as expressed by Averell Harriman is to withdraw troops by stages until the political evolution in the South accords with American concepts of self-determination. The NLF essentially is being asked to dissolve and disarm, then join the "constitutional process" initiated by the Americans. This is obviously unacceptable for the reason that the NLF partisans would again become as vulnerable to massacre as they were from 1955 to 1959. Even if the U.S. were someday to withdraw, Vietnam would still be encircled by U.S. bases in Laos and Thailand and by the Seventh Fleet.

The feeling among anti-war activists that the Paris talks signal the end of the war could therefore not be more inaccurate. Liberals are relaxing and radicals are drawing away now that the issue of peace seems to have been accepted by most mainstream politicians. But while these politicians seem able to end the anti-war movement, they cannot by themselves be trusted to end the war. Americans should adopt the Vietnamese attitude that as victory comes closer the enemy becomes more irrationally desperate. Washington will have to be pressured into keeping even its most moderate promises, such as the one to "limit bombing." Otherwise, as an NLF representative warns, "The Americans will take with one hand what they give with the other."

The work of anti-war protesters is not complete; and that work will have to take into account the new situation which has led to the peace talks. The slogan "Negotiate Now" is dead; "Stop the Bombing" is becoming irrelevant; "Recognize the NLF" begs the issue of what kind of recognition; only the demand for "Immediate Withdrawal" remains. What is needed additionally is a political demand, naming the kind of Vietnamese settlement the peace movement advocates. "Vietnam for the Vietnamese" or "self-determination" are too vague. The movement must come to terms with the fact that its logic favors a central role for the victorious NLF. The peace movement should catch up with the worldwide feeling that the Viet Cong are the heroes of this war. This is the only position which is radically educational because it poses the possibility that Americans should sometimes support communist-led revolutions.

Tom Hayden aided in the release of three American pilots from North Vietnam and three GI's from the NLF in South Vietnam. He has interviewed U.S., North Vietnamese and NLF officials about peace terms.

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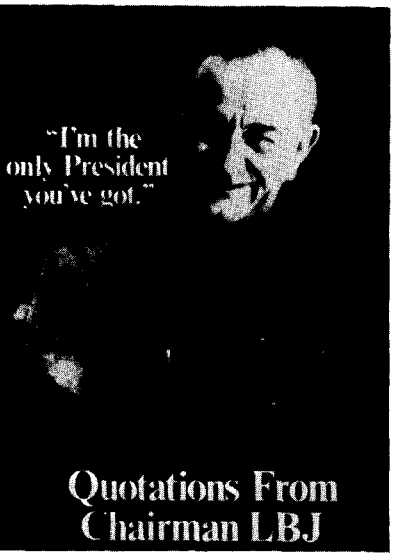
379. J. Edgar Hoover 30″ x 40″



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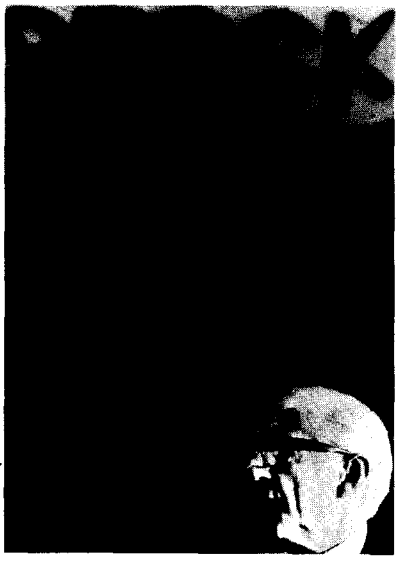

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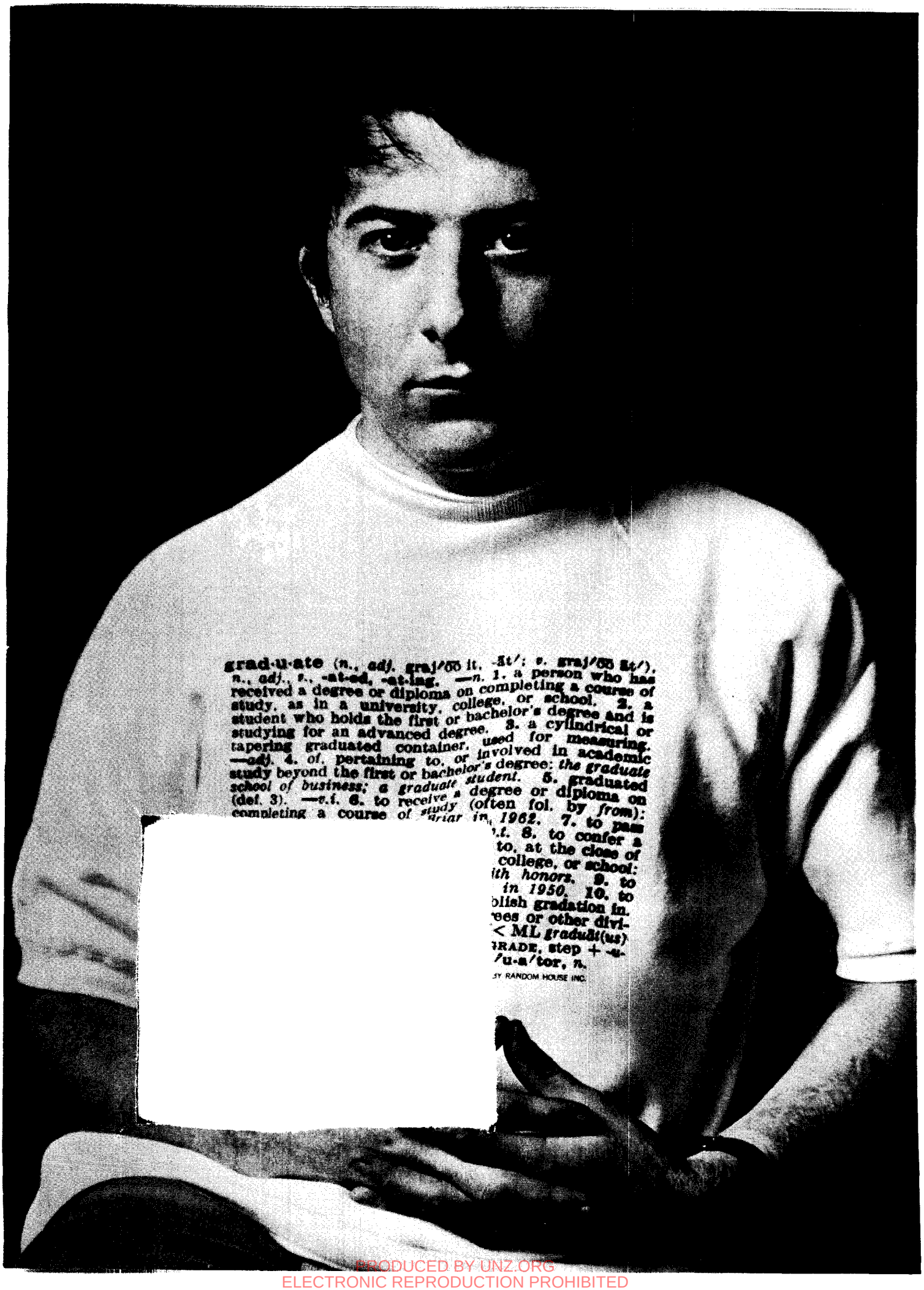
grad·u·ate (n., adj. graj′ōō it, -āt′; v. graj′ōō āt′), n., adj., v., -at·ed, -at·ing. —n. 1. a person who has received a degree or diploma on completing a course of study, as in a university, college, or school. 2. a student who holds the first or bachelor's degree and is studying for an advanced degree. 3. a cylindrical or tapering graduated container, used for measuring. —adj. 4. of, pertaining to, or involved in academic study beyond the first or bachelor's degree: the graduate school of business; a graduate student. 5. graduated (def. 3). —v.i. 6. to receive a degree or diploma on completing a course of study (often fol. by from): ...riar in 1962. 7. to pass ...t. 8. to confer a ... to, at the close of ... college, or school: ...ith honors. 9. to ... in 1950. 10. to ...blish gradation in. ...ees or other divi- < ML graduāt(us) ...RADE, step + -u- ...′u·a′tor, n.
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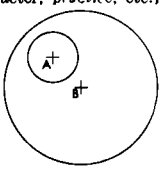
anti-, a learned borrowing from Greek meaning "against," "opposite of," used in the formation of compound words (*anticline*); used freely in combination with elements of any origin (*antibody; antifreeze; antiknock*). Also, *before a vowel,* **ant-.** [ME < L < Gk, comb. form of *anti;* akin to Skt *anti,* L *ante,* E *an-* in *answer.* Cf. ANTE-]

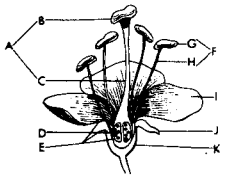
drop-out (drop′out′), *n.* **1.** an act or instance of dropping out. **2.** a student who withdraws before completing a course of instruction. **3.** a person who withdraws from high school after having reached the legal age to do so. **4.** *Rugby.* a drop kick made by a defending team from within its own 25-yard line as a result of a touchdown or of the ball's having touched or gone outside of a touch-in-goal line or the dead-ball line. **5.** Also called **facsimile, highlight halftone.** a halftone negative or plate in which dots have been eliminated from highlights by continued etching, burning in, opaquing, or the like. Also, **drop′-out′.** [n. use of v. phrase *drop out*]

ec·cen·tric (ik sen′trik, ek-), *adj.* **1.** deviating from the recognized or customary character, practice, etc.; irregular; erratic; peculiar; odd: *eccentric conduct; an eccentric person.* **2.** *Geom.* not having the same center; not concentric: used esp. of two circles or spheres at least one of which contains the centers of both. **3.** not situated in the center, as an axis. **4.** *Mach.* having the axis or support away from the center, as a wheel. **5.** *Astron.* deviating from a circular form, as an elliptic orbit. —*n.* **6.** a person who has an unusual, peculiar, or odd personality, set of beliefs, or behavior pattern. **7.** something that is unusual, peculiar, or odd. **8.** *Mach.* a device for converting circular motion into reciprocating rectilinear motion, consisting of a disk fixed somewhat out of center to a revolving shaft, and working freely in a surrounding collar (**eccen′tric strap′**), to which a rod (**eccen′tric rod′**) is attached. Also, *esp. Brit.,* **excentric.** [< LL *eccentric(us)* < Gk *ékkentr(os)* out of center (see EC-, CENTER) + L *-icus* -IC] —**ec·cen′tri·cal,** *adj.* —**ec·cen′tri·cal·ly,** *adv.* —**Ant. 1.** normal, ordinary.



Eccentric circles
A, Center of small circle; B, Center of large circle

flow·er (flou′ər), *n.* **1.** the blossom of a plant. **2.** *Bot.* **a.** that part of a seed plant comprising the reproductive organs and their envelopes if any, esp. when such envelopes are more or less conspicuous in form and color. **b.** an analogous reproductive structure in other plants, as the mosses. **3.** a plant considered with reference to its blossom or cultivated for its floral beauty. **4.** state of efflorescence or bloom: *Peonies were in flower.* **5.** an ornament representing a flower. **6.** Also called **fleuron, floret.** *Print.* an ornamental piece of type, esp. a stylized floral design, often used in a line to decorate chapter headings, page borders, bindings, etc. **7.** any ornament or adornment. **8.** See **figure of speech.** **9.** the finest or most flourishing state or period, as of life or beauty: *Poetic drama was in flower in Elizabethan England.* **10.** the best or finest member or part of a number, body, or whole: *the flower of American youth.* **11.** the finest or choicest product or example. **12. flowers,** (construed as sing.) *Chem.* a substance in the form of a fine powder, esp. as obtained by sublimation: *flowers of sulfur.* —*v.i.* **13.** to produce flowers, as a plant; blossom; come to full bloom. **14.** to come out into full development; mature: *Ideas flower under favorable conditions.* —*v.t.* **15.** to cover or deck with flowers. **16.** to decorate with a floral design. [ME *flour* flower, best of anything < OF *flor, flour, flur* < L *flōr-* (s. of *flōs*). Cf. BLOSSOM]



Flower
A, Pistil; B, Stigma; C, Style; D, Ovule; E, Ovary; F, Stamen; G, Anther; H, Filament; I, Petal; J, Sepal; K, Receptacle

gen·ius (jēn′yəs), *n., pl.* **gen·ius·es** for 2, 3, 8, **gen·i·i** (jē′nē ī′) for 6, 7, 9. **1.** an exceptional natural capacity of intellect, especially as shown in creative and original work in art, music, etc. **2.** a person having such capacity. **3.** a person having extraordinarily high intelligence, esp. one with an I.Q. of 140 or above. **4.** natural ability or capacity; strong inclination: *a special genius for pediatric medicine.* **5.** distinctive character or spirit, as of a nation, period, language, etc. **6.** the guardian spirit of a place, institution, etc. **7.** either of two mutually opposed spirits, one good and the other evil, supposed to attend a person throughout his life. **8.** a person who strongly influences for good or ill the character, conduct, or destiny of a person, place, or thing: *Rasputin, the evil genius of Russian politics.* **9.** Usually **genii.** any demon or spirit, esp. a jinn. [< L: tutelary deity or genius of a person; cf. GENUS] —**Syn. 4.** gift, talent, aptitude, faculty.

grad·u·ate (*n., adj.* graj′o͞o it, -āt′; *v.* graj′o͞o āt′), *n., adj., v.,* **-at·ed, -at·ing.** —*n.* **1.** a person who has received a degree or diploma on completing a course of study, as in a university, college, or school. **2.** a student who holds the first or bachelor's degree and is studying for an advanced degree. **3.** a cylindrical or tapering graduated container, used for measuring. —*adj.* **4.** of, pertaining to, or involved in academic study beyond the first or bachelor's degree: *the graduate school of business; a graduate student.* **5.** graduated (def. 3). —*v.i.* **6.** to receive a degree or diploma on completing a course of study (often fol. by *from*): *She graduated from Sweet Briar in 1962.* **7.** to pass by degrees; change gradually. —*v.t.* **8.** to confer a degree upon, or to grant a diploma to, at the close of a course of study, as in a university, college, or school: *Cornell graduated eighty students with honors.* . **9.** to graduate from: *She graduated college in 1950.* **10.** to arrange in grades or gradations; establish gradation in. **11.** to divide into or mark with degrees or other divisions, as the scale of a thermometer. [< ML *graduāt(us)* (ptp. of *graduāre*), equiv. to *grād(us)* GRADE, step + *-u-* thematic vowel + *-ātus* -ATE¹] —**grad′u·a′tor,** *n.*

he·don·ism (hēd′ᵊniz′əm), *n.* **1.** the doctrine that pleasure or happiness is the highest good. **2.** devotion to pleasure as a way of life: *The later Roman emperors were notorious for their hedonism.* [< Gk *hēdon(ḗ)* pleasure + -ISM] —**he′don·ist,** *n., adj.* —**he′do·nis′tic,** *adj.* —**he′do·nis′ti·cal·ly,** *adv.*

lov·er (luv′ər), *n.* **1.** a person who is in love, esp. a man in love with a woman. **2.** a man amorously involved with a woman not his wife; paramour. **3. lovers,** a man and woman in love with each other or having a love affair. **4.** a person who has a strong predilection or liking for something, as specified: *a lover of music.* **5.** a person who loves, esp. a person who has or shows affectionate regard for others: *a lover of mankind.* [ME; see LOVE, -ER¹] —**lov′er·less,** *adj.* —**lov′er·like′,** *adj.*

mug·wump (mug′wump′), *n. U.S* **1.** a Republican who refused to support the party nominee, James G. Blaine, in the presidential campaign of 1884. **2.** a person who acts as an independent or affects superiority, esp. in politics. **3.** a person who is unable to make up his mind on an issue, esp. in politics; one who is neutral on a controversial issue. [< Algonquian (Massachusetts): lit., great man] —**mug′wump′er·y, mug′wump′ism,** *n.* —**mug′wump′i·an,** *adj.* —**mug′wump′ish,** *adj.*

mu·tu·al·ism (myo͞o′chō͞o ə liz′əm), *n.* **1.** a relationship between two species of organisms in which both benefit from the association. **2.** the doctrine that the interdependence of social elements is the primary determinant of individual and social relations, esp. the theory that common ownership of property, or collective effort and control governed by sentiments of brotherhood and mutual aid will be beneficial to both the individual and society. **3.** *Sociol.* the force or principle of mutual aid. [MUTUAL + -ISM] —**mu′tu·al·ist,** *n.* —**mu′tu·al·is′tic,** *adj.*

O·lym·pi·an (ō lim′pē ən), *adj.* **1.** pertaining to Mount Olympus or dwelling thereon, as the gods of classical Greece. **2.** pertaining to Olympia in Elis. **3.** of, resembling, characteristic of, or suitable to the gods of Olympus; majestic; aloof; incomparably superior: *a landscape of Olympian beauty; an Olympian disregard for everyday matters.* —*n.* **4.** an Olympian deity. **5.** a contender in the Olympic Games. **6.** a native or inhabitant of Olympia. [< LL *Olympiān(us),* equiv. to L *Olympi(us)* (< Gk *Olýmpios,* deriv. of *Ólymp(os)* OLYMPUS) + *-iānus* -IAN] —**O·lym′pi·an·ly,** *adv.*

om (ôm), *n. Hinduism.* a mantric word thought to be a complete expression of Brahman and interpreted as having three sounds representing Brahma or creation, Vishnu or preservation, and Siva or destruction, or as consisting of the same three sounds, representing waking, dreams, and deep sleep, along with the following silence, which is fulfillment. Also, **Aum.** [< Skt]

om·pha·lo·skep·sis (om′fə lō skep′sis), *n.* contemplation of one's navel as part of a mystical exercise. [OMPHALO- + Gk *sképsis* act of looking]

peace (pēs), *n., v.,* **peaced, peac·ing,** *interj.* —*n.* **1.** the normal, nonwarring condition of a nation, group of nations, or the world. **2.** an agreement or treaty between warring or antagonistic nations, groups, etc., to end hostilities and abstain from further fighting or antagonism: *the Peace of Ryswick.* **3.** a state of mutual harmony between people or groups, esp. in personal relations: *Try to live in peace with your neighbors.* **4.** the normal freedom from civil commotion and violence of a community; public order and security: *He was arrested for being drunk and breaking the peace.* **5.** cessation of or freedom from any strife or dissension. **6.** freedom of the mind from annoyance, distraction, anxiety, an obsession, etc.; tranquility; serenity. **7.** a state of tranquility or serenity: *May he rest in peace.* **8.** a state or condition conducive to, proceeding from, or characterized by tranquility: *the peace of a mountain resort.* **9.** silence; stillness: *The cawing of a crow broke the afternoon's peace.* **10.** (*cap., italics*) a comedy (421 B.C.) by Aristophanes. **11. hold one's peace,** to refrain from or cease speaking; keep silent: *He told her to hold her peace until he had finished.* **12. keep the peace,** to maintain order; cause to refrain from creating a disturbance: *Several officers of the law were on hand to keep the peace.* **13. make one's peace,** to become reconciled; acquiesce: *He repaired the fence he had broken and made his peace with the neighbor on whose property it stood.* **14. make peace,** to ask for or arrange a cessation of hostilities or antagonism. —*v.i.* **15.** *Obs.* to be or become silent. —*interj.* **16.** keep still! silence! [ME *pes* < OF, var. of *pais* < L *pāc(em),* acc. of *pax* peace; akin to PACT] —**peace′less,** *adj.* —**peace′less·ness,** *n.* —**peace′like′,** *adj.* —**Syn. 2.** armistice, truce, pact, accord. **3.** rapport, **6.** calm, quiet. —**Ant. 6.** insecurity, disturbance.

Thoth (thōth, tōt), *n. Egyptian Religion.* the god of wisdom, learning, and magic, the inventor of numbers and letters, and scribe of all the gods, represented as a man with the head either of an ibis or of a baboon: identified by the Greeks with Hermes.

wom·an·pow·er (wo͝om′ən pou′ər), *n.* potential or actual power from the endeavors of women: *the utilization of womanpower during a great national emergency.* [WOMAN + POWER]

x, **1.** an unknown quantity or a variable. **2.** ex¹ (def. 1). **3.** experimental. **4.** a sign used at the end of letters, telegrams, etc., to indicate a kiss. **5.** a sign indicating multiplication; times: *8 × 8=64.* **6.** a sign used between figures indicating dimensions: *3" × 4"* (read: "three by four inches"); *3" × 4" × 5"* (read: "three by four by five inches"). **7.** power of magnification: *50x telescope.* **8.** (used as a signature by an illiterate person.) **9.** crossed with. **10.** out of; foaled by: *a colt by Flag-a-way x Merrylegs.* **11.** (used to indicate choice, as on a ballot, examination, etc.) **12.** (used to indicate an error or incorrect answer, as on a test.) **13.** *Math.* (in Cartesian coordinates) the *x*-axis. **14.** *Chess.* captures. **15.** a person, thing, agency, factor, etc., of unknown identity.

Yin and Yang (yin′ and yäng′, yäng′), (in Chinese philosophy and religion) two principles, one negative, dark, and feminine (**Yin**), and one positive, bright, and masculine (**Yang**), whose interaction influences the destinies of creatures and things.

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LEROI JONES or, Poetics & Policemen or, Trying Heart, Bleeding Heart

by Stephen Schneck

[1. OF HIS CHECKERED CAREER]

IN 1965, LEROI JONES was a young, black, literary lion. His play, "Dutchman," had been awarded the Obie for the best American play of 1963-64. Grove Press had published a book of his poems, *The Dead Lecturer*, and was bringing out a novel, *The System of Dante's Hell;* two of his one-act plays, "The Baptism" and "The Toilet," were playing to enthusiastic houses. Another play, "The Slave," had just closed a successful run, and Jones was much in demand on the lecture and poetry-reading circuit. He was thirty-one years old, well-reviewed by critics, constantly referred to in conjunction with "Negro writing," and that bible of commercial masturbation, Playboy magazine, described him as "the most discussed—and admired—Negro writer since James Baldwin." Blah-blah.

Jones was a novelty, one of the first black voices crying out in the white wilderness. The lectures he gave, the panel discussions he participated in—all were utilized as platforms for launching attacks upon white America whose bullshit Jones, like many black men, had loved too well, from which he had expected too much, by which he had been cuckolded, and about which he was now bitter. Many of these attacks were ill-conceived, barely logical, too shrill, often grossly unfair, and always aimed at the crotch of the soft, white, good, liberal, WASP - Jewish intellectual. (Universal Honkie hate came later.)

The response was predictable. "White philanthropy runs amuck again," Jones wrote in a story called "Unfinished."

What he meant was that while in 1965 and into 1966 he kept cursing, ranting and raving and writing about himself, about beautiful black and hateful white America, for his efforts he received the John Hay Whitney Award, became a Guggenheim Fellow, taught classes at the New School for Social Research and at Columbia University. He was laved with cocktail party love and lionized with literary laurels and cash monies.

At first, the blasé New York culture scene was titillated by his maledictions. He was invited to all the enchanted circle-beautiful people parties, literary events, show business orgies, and hip gatherings. The more he attacked white society, the more white society patronized him. Who'd have suspected that there was so much money to be made from flagellation? Whitey seemed insatiable; the masochistic vein was a source of hitherto untapped appeal, big box office stuff, and LeRoi Jones was one of the very first to exploit it.

Naturally the smart money crowd, the commercial-intellectual establishment, decided he was running a game, that he was into a gimmick, a commercial pose, a successful device. After all, LeRoi had been around the Village for years, had run with the white beatniks in the early '50s, had married a white Jewish girl. So how could he really mean what he was saying? Actually *mean* it . . .?

That was 1965. It is now three years later, and the score has changed. Currently, Jones is out of jail on $25,000 bail.

"Bail, hell! $25,000 isn't bail, it's a goddamned ransom," Jones snorted. He has an appeal pending for a conviction of illegal possession of firearms, for which he received a two and a half to three year prison sentence and a $1000 fine. That's the score these days. LeRoi Jones, like the rest of America, has changed since 1965.

[2. GOING UPTOWN]

WE WERE ALL SUCH INNOCENTS back then and so much more corrupt. (Violence may be monstrous, but self-deception is moral corruption.) In 1965, black and white men of good will were integrating the South together. Civil rights was still a possibility. So how could LeRoi be so serious? He was *ours*. Wasn't he?

He wasn't, and he *was* serious. He demonstrated this fact by an act that not even the cynical New York art world could pass off as a publicity bit or another tasteless tantrum: Jones, on the very brink of the American dream of fame and fortune, withdrew from the magic circle and went uptown. All the way uptown—to Harlem—leaving the high art scene to his white colleagues. The intellectual establishment could and did take the insults, obscenities, bad manners and name-calling. But what was unforgivable, the one thing they couldn't take, was to be deserted, stood up. LeRoi Jones left them.

He traded in his successful writer's suit for an Afro-American costume. He stopped speaking to his old white friends and rarely came down from the black ghetto. Said one of these ex-friends, "Maybe Roi is a racist, but he sure as hell is no opportunist." He sure as hell wasn't. Not only did he withdraw his person, but he took his art along with him. A three-act, four-hour play optioned for Broadway was not produced. He withdrew *Black Magic*, a complete collection of his poetry, from Grove Press. The white world could stay where it was, but LeRoi Jones wasn't staying with it. Opportunity was white and Jones stayed black. Further, he was a poet, and poets are notorious natural revolutionaries. "Poetry is revolution," many, including Jones, have written.

Usually it starts as a personal revolu-

LeRoi Jones by Kim Whitesides

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tion, evolving, if the poet and the times are right, into a broader, more comprehensive social revolution. Jones, the right man at the right time, made the passage with more expediency than most.

"Now that the old world has crashed around me, and it's raining in early summer, I live in Harlem . . . and suffer for my decadence which kept me away so long," he wrote in the fall of 1965. He was hard at work putting together the Black Arts Repertory Theatre School, which was to present theatricals that were cruder, more offensive, and even more anti-white than his previous downtown neo-commercial plays.

Then he created a scandal by spending some anti-poverty HARYOU (Harlem Youth) funds. Imagine Jones using federal money to finance his war on white America! When *that* got out there was an end to the project. And some of his own people, Harlem sharks, began hustling him. So he left Harlem and moved back to the old home town, Newark, New Jersey.

[3. SPIRIT HOUSE]

LET ME REWORK A TIRED old dirge for your reading pleasure. Let us all concentrate on a mental image of the Newark slums. Let's conjure up images of urban decay, generations of decay presided over by generations of white politicians. Let's picture the tenements, the grey sidewalks, the sagging storefronts. The doorways and the broken windows mended with cardboard and Scotch tape. The walls of Newark's slums stained with soot, caked with grime, pockmarked with some of the 10,414 rounds of automatic ammunition the New Jersey National Guard sprayed into the black ghetto last July.

Smell the dark, fragrant stairwells and the stinking hall toilets and odious hallways of the tenements of black Newark. Smell the piss and the poverty in the public housing projects. Smell the back seats of the patrol cars and the precinct house, smell the Lysol and leather, the black skin and dried blood. Smell the garbage strewn in the empty lots and the soulfood cooking behind the doors.

See the patrol car turn the corner and the black faces staring from the sidewalk. See other black faces duck inside. See the younger kids playing in the gutters. See the older kids scoring in the poolrooms and luncheonettes. See the grown men passing the brown paper sack, keeping an eye out for that patrol car. See that patrol car come sliding around the corner again. Look out.

See LeRoi Jones. In the middle of Newark's ghetto where he took over a three-story building, called it Spirit House, and went on with the work he had started in Harlem—his *community services*.

His what? LeRoi Jones, the rabid, racist, separatist, militant black poet/playwright doing community service? The New York theatre and literary gang sneered. The hip faggots tittered. Just what community was LeRoi serving . . . ?

"Spirit House," Jones says, "is a black community theatre owned by the people of the community. . . . We present whatever the community wants. Movies, plays, lectures, sports. . . . We have a permanent ensemble of actors. . . . We use lots of kids from the neighborhood. We put on plays for children. . . ."

One of these children's plays, written, directed and produced by Spirit House, was presented at the memorial services for Malcolm X, held at Harlem's controversial Intermediate School 201 at the end of February this year. There was much hullabaloo over that service. Teachers were suspended, then reinstated, then resuspended for bringing their classes. Lots of little black children sat in the public school's auditorium and listened to speakers like former vice principal Herman Fergusen, at the time under indictment on a charge of plotting to assassinate Whitney M. Young and Roy Wilkins, two moderate civil rights figures. Fergusen delivered a talk advising black people to get themselves ready for the "hunting season." Not only kids were present. But there were lots of black school children attending the Malcolm X Memorial and watching a one-act pantomime by LeRoi Jones and his Spirit House players. Not Peter Pan but agit-prop.

Jones' pantomime made the point that the white race existed on the labor, creativity and vitality of the blacks.

Call *that* a play for children? Call *that* a community service? Depends on what community you live in, I suppose.

"When I die, the consciousness I carry I will to black people. May they pick me apart and take the useful parts, the sweet-meat of my feelings. And leave the bitter, bullshit rotten white parts alone," Jones wrote, declaring his dedication to his community.

[4. HISTORY]

AT 2:30 IN THE MORNING of July 14th of last year, a Volkswagen camper was touring the Newark battlefield. At the intersection of South Orange Avenue and South Seventh Street, the bus was stopped by two units of the Newark Police Department, and the occupants—Barry Wynn, an actor; Charles McCray, an accountant; and LeRoi Jones, poet, playwright and owner of the vehicle—were pulled out of the bus. That much is agreed upon. The rest is a mixture of truth, lies, distortions, misrepresentations and imprecise reportage, all blending into that fictive reality which eventually passes for history.

According to a statement that Jones prepared for his lawyer:

After midnight on July 14th, 1967, I and my companions were driving in my station wagon, talking and listening to the radio. As we reached the corner of South Orange Avenue, which was on our direct route home, we were stopped by at least two carloads of white-helmeted police with shotguns and several detectives.

We were told to come out of the car. When I opened the door and stepped down, one detective, whom I recognized as having once attended Barringer High School while I was there, preached to me, screaming that "we were the bastards" who'd been shooting at them. "Yes," he said, "a blue panel truck." (My station wagon is an olive green camper bus.) I said that we had not been shooting at anyone. I told the officer that I thought I remembered him from high school—whereupon he hit me in the face and threw me up against the side of the truck. (The others had also been taken from the truck.)

The detective then began to jab me as hard as he could with his pistol in my stomach, asking, "Where are the guns?" I told him that there were no guns. Suddenly it seemed that five or six officers surrounded me and began to beat me. I was hit perhaps five times on top of my head by night sticks, and when I fell, some of the officers went about methodically trying to break my hands, elbows and shoulders. One officer tried to kick me in the groin—and there were many punches thrown. As they beat me they kept calling me "animal" and asking me, "Where are the guns?" Inside the wagon, the beating continued. They took us from the wagon, and as I was pushed up the stairs

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at Police Headquarters, an officer called out, "Wait a minute" and then punched me in the pit of the stomach. I fell to the ground clutching my stomach.

Inside the station, Mr. Spina (the police director) was standing behind the desk. I asked him had he ordered me beaten. He replied, "They got you, didn't they?"—smiling. . . .

We were then taken to City Hospital; I was dragged in and handcuffed in a wheelchair. The "doctors" put in eight or nine stitches, and one doctor shouted at me, "You're a poet, huh? Well, you won't be writing any poems for a long time now."

We were then taken to police headquarters on Franklin Street, fingerprinted and brought into the courtroom and arraigned. The prosecutor asked for $25,000 bail for me, which the judge allowed. I was taken to the Essex County jail and put into solitary confinement, where I remained until I was released. (All motions for lowering the bail were denied.)

Seven months later in January 1968, LeRoi Jones and his two codefendants went on trial for unlawful possession of two loaded, pearl-handled revolvers and a box of ammunition.

Judge Leon W. Kapp and an all-white jury heard half-a-dozen policemen swear that the revolvers had been found in Jones' station wagon. The officers all swore that they had not struck Jones nor had they seen anyone else strike him. His head injuries, they said, had been caused by a bottle flying through the air. They had no idea from whence it came.

Jones swore that he didn't know where the guns came from. He suspected that they came from the officers who had stopped, beaten and arrested him and then needed some justification for their actions.

"They weren't my guns. I don't keep guns," Jones says. "And I surely wouldn't be so stupid as to carry any guns into the middle of a riot." Which seems obvious enough. Jones is very well-known in Newark.

"Sure, he's a famous nigger," one member of the Newark Police Department told me. "Sure, we all know who LeRoi Jones is."

Not that it really matters anymore whether the guns were his or whether they were planted by the officers who'd worked him over. The painful point has been made. Jones is very guilty. Of something. Of poetry, probably. Of speaking in persuasive tongues to that part of the heart that is better left unaroused. So even if we give LeRoi the benefit of the doubt, it still comes down the fact that at worst, they got the right man on the wrong charge.

Gruet, having writ the word "nonsense" in Calvin's book, was executed for having committed blasphemy and treason. Artus, having writ the words "solemn conspiracy" in his own book, was broken for telling the truth and committing treason.

The Essex County court where Jones and his codefendants were tried was presided over by the Hon. Leon W. Kapp. Whatever else he lacks, Judge Kapp has proper respect for the power of poets. Perhaps *respect* is not quite the right word. Say simply that Judge Kapp holds poets responsible for their poems. And that he does not grant poetic license frivolously.

The average sentence meted out to those arrested during the Newark riots for illegal possession of firearms was six months, and half of that was on probation. McCray and Wynn, Jones' codefendants, received, respectively, 12 months in jail, six months on probation and a $500 fine; and nine months in jail, nine months' probation and a $250 fine.

When it was Roi's turn to be sentenced, Judge Kapp produced the latest issue of Evergreen Review (December 1967). In it was a poem by Jones, and Judge Kapp read it aloud to the all-white jury. A man of grotesque niceties, he substituted the prurient BLANK for certain words. In abridged version, this was the poem he read:

BLACK PEOPLE!

**What about that bad short you saw last week
on Frelinghuysen, or those stoves and
refrigerators, record players, shotguns,
in Sears, Bambergers, Klein's, Hahnes',
Chase, and the smaller joosh
enterprises? What about that bad jewelry, on
Washington Street, and
those couple of shops on Springfield? You
know how to get it, you can
get it, no money down, no money never,
money dont grow on trees no
way, only whitey's got it, makes it with a
machine, to control you
you cant steal nothin from a white man, he's
already stole it he owes
you anything you want, even his life. All the
stores will open if you
will say the magic words. The magic words
are: Up against the wall mother
fucker this is a stick up! Or: Smash the
window at night (these are magic
actions) smash the windows daytime,
anytime, together, lets smash the
window drag the shit from in there. No
money down. No time to pay. Just
take what you want. The magic dance in the
street. Run up and down Broad
Street niggers, take the shit you want. Take
their lives if need be, but
get what you want what you need. Dance up
and down the streets, turn all
the music up, run through the streets with
music, beautiful radios on
Market Street, they are brought here
especially for you. Our brothers
are moving all over, smashing at jellywhite
faces. We must make our own
World, man, our own world, and we can not
do this unless the white man
is dead. Let's get together and kill him my
man, lets get to gather the fruit
of the sun, let's make a world we want black
children to grow and learn in
do not let your children when they grow
look in your face and curse you by
pitying your tomish ways.**

Then Judge Kapp laid the magazine down and began his critique. He characterized the poem as a ". . . diabolical prescription to commit murder and to steal and plunder . . . causing one to suspect that you were a participant in formulating a plot to ignite the spark . . . to burn the city of Newark!" His honor had a flair for the fantastic; yet the man was closer to the truth than most. He was also an example of the paranoid reality, the state of mind that has annexed America. "It is my considered opinion that you are sick and require medical attention."

"Not as sick as you are!" the poet called out.

Unrepentant. Definitely unrepentant. Throughout the trial, Jones made no effort to cop a Famous Writer's plea which usually allows the celebrity to walk out with a suspended sentence and a reasonable fine. Not only did he talk out of turn, LeRoi was dressed to offend. No traditional blue suit and white shirt (standard dress, advised by all attorneys) but a striped *dashike*, the tunic-like garb of the currently popular Afro-American mode. On his head he wore a red cap. And the outfit was strikingly set off by the enormous contempt the poet obviously felt for the proceedings, which he wore on his sleeve in place of his heart.

Judge Kapp went on to say, "Your talents have been misdirected. You have the ability to make a wholesome contribution to ameliorate existing tensions . . . but instead we find you in the vanguard of extreme radicals who advocate the destruction of—"

"*The destruction of the unrighteous!*" Jones wrote himself into what was intended to be the judge's soliloquy.

"—of our democratic way of life," the inexorable judge kept capping himself. "On the basis of your conviction for un-

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lawful possession of two revolvers—"

"And one poem!"

"—judgment that you be confined to the New Jersey State Prison to serve a term of *not less than two years and six months*, and not more than three years, and that you pay a fine of $1000."

LeRoi Jones, handcuffed between two deputies, paused at the courtroom door and called back over his shoulder, "The black people will judge me. . . . *History will absolve me. . . .*"

Hopefully, Jones will be judged not only by his own people, but by a more immediate court. He has appealed his conviction, and his appeal should be sustained. In any event, he has written his own, higher appeal to reason in a short story called "Words": "*I make these documents for some heart who will recognize me truthfully. Who will know what I am and what I wanted beneath the maze of meanings and attitudes that shape the reality of everything. Beneath the necessity of talking or the necessity for being angry. . . . The purpose of myself has not yet been fulfilled.*"

[5. INTERLUDE]

BUT WHAT IS THE PURPOSE of Jones? Obviously, not what it seems, for LeRoi Jones is obviously not what he seems. He is no martyr, unless we martyr him. Neither is he a black bogey-man, a Mau-Mau monster or, as several of his former white friends have described him, a bad-talking clown. He is a poet, a playwright, a conscience, a consciousness.

Probably Norman Mailer's characterization of Jones at a recent benefit is the best explanation of Jones' purpose, his *raison*, and a fair description of his true talents. That night at New York's Town Hall, Mailer said that Jones had written the best one-act play in America ("Dutchman") and went on to say, "Who is this man, why are we here, will we survive? Thank you."

Therefore, if we wish to allow Jones to fulfill himself, if we desire to turn black militancy into a *wholesome contribution*, we have only to alter those elements in our society which thwart the Negro, frustrate the poet and menace our survival.

We have merely to tear down the ghettos and build up decent, integrated communities; re-educate our police departments to value life above property; destroy racial prejudice on both sides of the black and white picket fence dividing the cities; provide equal educational and employment opportunities for all; impeach Judge Kapp and others who have no conception of or respect for the law; share the wealth; and make a few other alterations in the shape and style of our society.

To exorcize LeRoi Jones and his black devils and save ourselves from the summers to come, we need only follow the above suggestions. Then we won't have to worry about Black Power, white backlash, civil insurrection, police brutality or anything else. For by that time, surely, the Messiah will have come.

[6. WHAT AMERICA IS ALL ABOUT]

IN JANUARY OF THIS YEAR, LeRoi Jones was convicted and sentenced to not less than two and a half and not more than three years in the New Jersey State Prison for illegal possession of firearms. On March 5th, an appeal to set aside this conviction was rejected by the U.S. Supreme Court. To date, Jones has another appeal pending; when it will be heard is not yet known.

On the 10th of April 1968, at 7:40 in the evening, CBS News in N.Y. released a taped interview with Captain Charles Kinney, representing the Newark Police Department; Anthony Imperiale, leader of the local white vigilantes; and LeRoi Jones, representing an organization called the United Brothers.

The joint press conference was held to clear up "some misunderstandings" between Mr. Imperiale's organization—a group of armed, white Newark citizens who formed after the July riots to protect their property and themselves from black rioters; the Newark Police Department; and LeRoi Jones, representing not only himself, but the United Brothers, which may or may not represent the Newark ghetto.

Among the "misunderstandings" that apparently got cleared up was the central question of guilt—just who was responsible for last summer's rebellion and for the rash of incidents and arson cases that have taken place since. You'll never guess.

Captain Kinney announced that "the Reds in Newark, who are part of an international left-wing conspiracy financed by Peking" were responsible.

Shockingly, LeRoi sat right there and agreed with the police official. Negro members of these left-wing groups were, in Jones' words, "black lackeys of the white radicals."

Mr. Imperiale, who teaches karate and the use of firearms to his Northward Citizens Committee, was also in agreement. "We believe that the communists and the Trotskyite persons who have no interest in the city of Newark, except to cause a distraction on behalf of possibly Moscow or Peking, came in here and helped out on those riots."

Jones picked up the theme and improvised a chorus: "We, the Black Nationals in Newark, believe that we can gain power in Newark through political means, and there are white-led, so-called radical groups that are exploiting the black people's legitimate desire for power. Exploiting it and actually using black people as a kind of shock troops to further their own designs."

Now just what are you saying, Mr. Jones? A man as wry, as sophisticated, as hip as LeRoi Jones, a man who has already denounced the national bullshit and put the high art and expensive culture scene down, down, down, reduced to baiting Reds at this stage in his career? What is that all about?

About two and a half to three years in the New Jersey State Prison, that's what it's all about, the cynics of all colors quickly piped up when they first heard the news. *That man, LeRoi, he's facing serious time and they got a gun to his head.*

Well, maybe. That would seem the most logical explanation for Jones' cooperation with what he had previously characterized as the "twin evils of racism and fascism." (Not to mention the monster, CBS.) Yes, maybe they offered Jones a deal. Apparently the question also occurred to the networks' interviewer who, rather circuitously, put it to Jones:

"Do you mean was I promised something for doing it?"

"Precisely," said the CBS man.

"Well," said LeRoi, "I told you before that they promised to make me secretary of State, and so when you see that happen, you know that's what it was."

The same question was asked of Captain Kinney, and the captain's answer was appropriately up-tight. "There certainly have been no promises on any law enforcement agency's part. LeRoi has been found guilty. His trial is subject to

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appeal. He is getting all the rights of every American citizen, but there's certainly been no promises made to him in any fashion whatsoever."

"Captain Kinney," asked the CBS man, "Some of these charges obviously are very serious. We are now having our first public airing of them. Is there any legal action pending?"

Said the captain, "Yes. I have submitted a complete report to my superiors with recommendations that my findings go before a county grand jury and/or a federal grand jury." The captain, in fact, had recently returned from testifying before HUAC, and while in Washington Captain Kinney had named *names. Real people's* names were offered in testimony as persons responsible for Newark's burnt-out slums.

With the exception of one—Tom Hayden, head of a local community organizing group and resident of the ghetto—they were all black leaders, some militant and some moderate. And all faced possible indictment for God knows what Kinney was prepared to charge them with. Was LeRoi Jones ready to go along with this crap? Was he helping send his people to a grand jury?

Who knows. Maybe that was part of the deal that might have been made. Maybe they promised him that no one would be hurt. The grand jury stuff was just conversation. Just something to get the heat off the Newark police and off the black men of the Newark ghetto, off Jones himself. So maybe he was just pretending . . . of course he was. Just playing. Playing politics. And talking that square American jive about outside agitators and orders from Peking and Moscow. (Still, it must have left a rotten taste in his mouth. Still, there are worse things than a rotten taste in your mouth.)

But, by cooperating, Jones did (hopefully) himself a favor, and maybe he did the black community a favor as well. I suspect that he was trying to. He was trying *something*, that is pretty obvious.

Another Newark resident, a friend of both Jones and Hayden, felt very badly but didn't think that LeRoi had sold himself or anyone else. "LeRoi was talking about certain white extremist groups. And what he was attempting to do, it seems to me, was to get the heat off the black militants, because that is who the Newark police were trying to blame for the fires."

You get the not-too-subtle point? We already know that Jones had jumped off the rising escalator to fame and fortune, so why should anyone be surprised when he quit the "white extremists," leaving them to swim or drown in the treacherous ghetto tides? As for the blacks named and charged by Captain Kinney, so what? There are some black men, or rather certain *types* of Negroes (Jones pronounces the word "*Knee-grows*") that Jones dislikes as much as whites.

Like all black militants this season, Jones is preaching separation of the races, black political power, black control over black communities and racial pride above all. God bless black. No wonder Tony Imperiale, in the course of the CBS interview, was able to say, "We're all just Americans, concerned for our people and for our lives. . . ." Just plain folks, just frightened Americans. Just wily politicians and racist cops and poets who have lost their poetry trying to save their lives and their people. . . .

Therefore, I surely would have enjoyed a peek at LeRoi's face, not his mask but at the face behind that mask, when, later on in the interview, the CBS man asked him, "Well, Mr. Jones, these disclosures about this alleged conspiracy, will this mean that you and Mr. Imperiale are going to work hand-in-hand from here on in to keep the peace in Newark?"

"Well, I don't know about hand-in-hand," was what Jones answered, but what was Jones thinking? What was he feeling? Was he laughing, was he crying, was he burning, was he sick to his stomach or was he just sitting there *jiving?*

And Tony Imperiale, sitting right next to him, said into the microphone, "Like LeRoi says, it doesn't mean that we're going to be working hand-in-hand, but it's a start."

And that's what America is all about, isn't it folks? The similarities between Jones, Imperiale and the cooperation of the Newark Police Department; the services of CBS, and one day, maybe, the apples of paradise; an American Dream in every pot, be that pot white or black. Power and wealth and security for all concerned.

Except, of course, for the dirty Commie agents with their orders from the moon, and their crimes, their agitation, their arson . . . and their black lackeys. Black Reds, you might call them, just for a laugh.

[7. OF SHOES AND THORNS]

LEROI JONES AND I were never really friends. I knew him very casually about 15 years ago when we both lived in Greenwich Village. I'd run into him in Washington Square Park or at one of the jazz clubs or at some party, and then we'd say hello, and that was about it. And then, for a few months, I lived with a girl who had lived with LeRoi.

I don't know LeRoi Jones very well, and I don't pretend to know what goes on in black inner space. I don't know what is going on in the black community of Newark. I suspect that there is division, political fratricide and all the usual agonies. I can say that justice has not been meted out to Jones; I can also say that Jones hasn't been very just to others.

But justice and Jones are strangers. America has kept them apart. Understand that, and you can understand Jones' indifference to the fate of white radicals and his cooperation with white racists, the Newark Police and, indirectly, with HUAC.

"The native is an oppressed person whose permanent dream is to become the persecutor," Frantz Fanon wrote in his *Wretched of the Earth*, and LeRoi Jones is living testimony to the dreadful truth. Never mind that he knows better; never mind that his appeal fund was organized and contributed to by the white radical intellectuals whom Jones circuitously finked out on. Forget your preconceptions of decency and justice; these qualities have nothing to do with Jones. Or did you think he'd be grateful?

I would only remind those who still can't reconcile Jones' perfidy with their image of a black poet-revolutionary that Roi never preached equality; he's never called for a united front, only for a black front. The fact that he is the poet laureate of this Black Revolution may confuse some hard-core innocents who still think that the Black Revolution has something to do with white justice. Or that poets can't be social perverts. Or that certain fanatics wouldn't sell their (white) brothers to save their (black) skin. That is what the color war is about. That is what fratricide is about.

Whether or not this is an exact description of LeRoi Jones, I can't say for certain. I can only suggest that if the shoe fits, Jones can wear it. Along with his crown of thorns.

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One Week in Paris

They called them enragés—flailing out against everything. But suddenly all France joined the French students' revolution—as Gaullists and communists alike looked on in amazement. A team of writers from the French weekly *L'Express* tells what happened during the crucial first week of the modern French Revolution.

IN LESS THAN ONE WEEK of an unprecedented Paris spring, the flag of student rebellion was raised and the armed might of the state was bared, while the rest of France looked on in amazement before joining in.

The events of that decisive first week were full of theoretical debates—indeed, they approached the status of a genuine cultural revolution. Professors, communists, policemen and solid citizens—none were the same after the first week's massacre in the Latin Quarter. Frenchmen watched the black flag of anarchy and the red one of the International waving above the Sorbonne and the *Arc de Triomphe*. At the same time, rich and poor families alike saw their children transformed into militants who voluntarily moved to face squads of mobile guards in fearless confrontation.

Like any significant event, the insurrection surprised everyone, particularly those whose business it is to predict such things. At the beginning, it was dismissed as a mere matter of rhetoric—that of the tiny pro-Chinese groups at Nanterre, the new university campus outside Paris. Cool heads saw no cause for alarm. The "hotheads" could be isolated, and their leader, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, conveniently a foreigner, expelled as a scapegoat for all the sins of the students.

The majority of "reasonable" students, people thought, would not protest: but they *did* protest. Student syndicalism was thought dead: but it arose again. The majority of the professors should have opposed the movement: they joined it. Public opinion might have been neutral at best; it was so overwhelmingly sympathetic that it extended the action beyond anyone's dreams.

It took a series of government errors to reach such a point. But the errors merely loosed a tidal wave which flowed over the earthquake in the student world—an earthquake generated by the absolute powerlessness of French youth caught beneath unrelenting pressures of society. The wave finally broke, carrying all of France with it.

Since 1957, the French student population has risen from 170,000 to 602,000, an increase of nearly 400 per cent. To the stiffening competition is added an agony over the future—most acute among the students in literature and law.

The student world has changed in recent years. The liberal intellectual—product of the old university, guardian of individualistic values, boldly seeking out the path of his own personal development—has been replaced (not without a struggle) by the "technician-intellectual." Not only mathematics, but also psychology, ethics and logic—to the dismay of the humanists—have entered the cycle of commodity production and put themselves at the service of industry. The job of the sociologist or psychologist today is to study behavior in the

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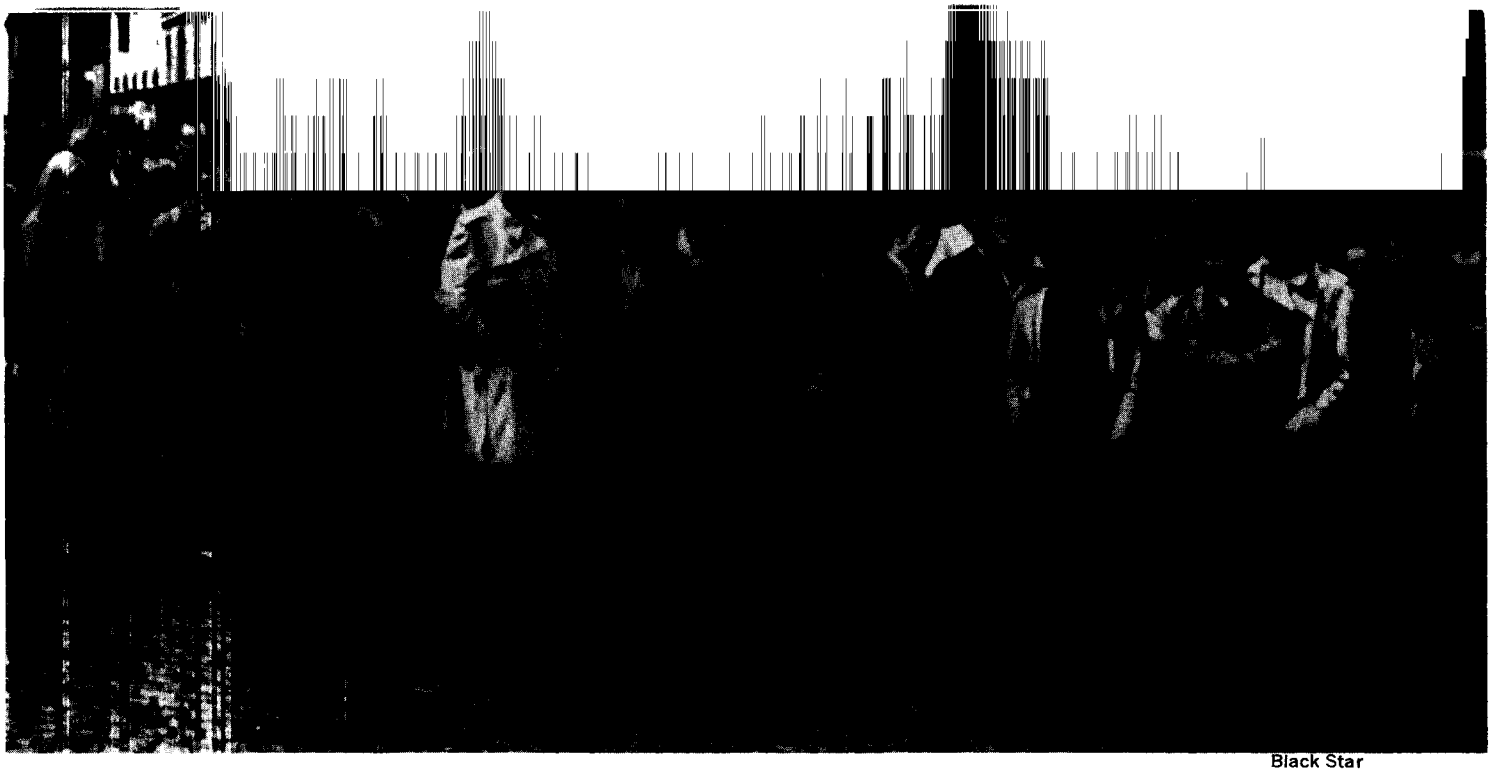

Black Star

factory and to improve the organization of labor. He contributes to the size of the product of industrial society, but not to human progress. Such a perspective has given rise to both discouragement and revolt.

"But," everyone says, "what do they want then? First they complain that technocratic society doesn't prepare them to play any role, doesn't offer them enough opportunities, and then they reject this society and its principles *in toto*."

But the contradiction is only superficial. For what the most conscious of the rebels oppose in technical society is neither technology nor the technician. It is the diversion of technology toward ends which they judge "oppressive" for mankind. Even those who do not state the matter so neatly feel, at the very least, the absence of any ideals or goals for human action in technocratic society. They find neither a career to welcome them nor any logic in beginning a career at all in a world where there are no longer any ideological movements to carry them along. The students endured the smugness of de Gaulle's glorious reign which strutted its pomp at a time when all the French gods were really dead: military glory, triumphant nationalism, capitalism, socialism, religion. There was no mission or "project" left worth dedicating one's life to.

So students in France turned to new and seemingly unrealizable goals. The revolt against the "oppressive society" which intends to use the students to perpetuate itself, has found its model in the Vietnam War: an indigenous people fighting alone against American power.

And so, around the figure of Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the movement of March 22 was born, destined to paralyze the administrative machinery at the suburban campus at Nanterre.

[THE SPARK]

IT IS NOT ENTIRELY CLEAR whether it was the university or the police who struck the most matches under the powder keg. On Friday, May 3, at the Sorbonne, about 100 right-wing youths marched up the Boulevard Saint-Michel to pick a fight with the "leftists" who had been expelled the day before from the newly-opened college at Nanterre. The professors and the administrators of the venerable institution were terrified. But M. Roche, the rector (actually operating under the orders of Dean Marcel Durry), could think only of one thing: in three days the fearsome annual exams were to be held at the Sorbonne. There had been rumors of possible sabotage at graduation ceremonies, so Roche went to the minister of Education. The two of them decided that the Sorbonne must be closed and that the extremists, who were said to be vandalizing the university, must be forbidden by the police to hold their rallies.

Curiously enough, it was the prefect of police, M. Maurice Grimaud, who saw the political risks in this and recommended more prudent action. But the step had been taken. The removal turned into a clumsy roundup: students were chased out of the traditionally sacrosanct university. The fuse was lit. Students saw their comrades packed into police vans—behind the grill of a Black Maria, students are no longer "hotheads"; they are transformed into student heroes.

The week of the great university insurrection had begun.

On Monday, May 6, as the violence reached its frenzied peak complete with barricades, tear gas charges and ten-hour street battles, the solidarity of the students of Paris was total, where only a few days before the university had been violently divided. Night sticks had reunited it. Four stiff prison sentences handed out on Sunday morning had already raised the temperature. Even the most "apolitical" students from the most conservative schools were swept up in the storm. The protest strike received from 60 to 100 per cent student support throughout Paris, even in the high schools.

Soon the rest of the country's universities joined in. The rectors at Strasbourg and Lille struggled to keep the Paris virus away from their students. But even the student associations most opposed to the militant policy of the national student union fell into line behind it. In every high school in Paris, a flag hung from a window and ad hoc committees were formed. What had been a few hundred protesters on Friday rose to 30,000 or more by Tuesday.

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[A PROLIFERATION OF "GROUPUSCULES"]

THE MOVEMENT AT SUBURBAN NANTERRE had trouble maintaining its cohesion after the school was shut down, but this was not the case for the small, well-organized factions which remained strong, uniting their Nanterre and Paris organizations for street battle.

These included:

The *Jeunesse Communiste Révolutionnaire* (JCR—Revolutionary Communist Youth). Formed from a split in the "orthodox" communist organization, it has 1000 disciplined members who waver between Castro and Trotsky.

The *Fédération des Etudiants Révolutionnaires* (FER—Federation of Revolutionary Students). A Troskyist group, apparently the farthest left of all the factions.

The *Union de la Jeunesse Communiste Marxiste-Léniniste* (Union of Marxist-Leninist Communist Youth). A pro-Chinese group whose center is the *Ecole Normale Supérieure* on the Rue d'Ulm. Its active members, preoccupied with "contact with the proletariat," can frequently be seen passing out the Red Book and candies to children in working-class neighborhoods.

To these groups must be added the anarchists and the representatives of the traditional political groups such as the Union of Communist Students and the Students of the PSU (*Parti Socialiste Unifié*).

The confusing proliferation of "groupuscules," however, cannot hide the unified accusation of society which, to some extent, all the groups share. They have no sympathy or patience with the "conservative" Communist Party—which they judge a bureaucratic brake on revolutionary change—but none for other established left organizations either: "Mitterand [leader of the noncommunist left] is a man who will carry out the policies of the bourgeoisie, but probably not as well. Now it is fashionable for politicians to 'understand' us. They say to themselves: 'Whoever can control the students today will be the minister of Education tomorrow.' "

This is the kind of talk which has been heard all over Europe for months—from Berlin to Rome. And everywhere the same methods are employed against the students. But this time, the Paris police were surprised. They had been used to college pranksters and occasional vandals, who could be handled by a couple of swipes with a weighted cape. A few times they had had to break up fights between student extremist factions which usually petered out for lack of participants. But only three days after they "cleared" the Sorbonne, they were up against several layers of demonstrators: a knot of 150 non-student "uncontrollables"; 2500 militants from the leftist groups familiar with the principles of urban guerrilla warfare; 2000 students politicalized in the traditional organizations; and a mass of 5000-10,000 young people (3000 of them high school students) who came out in the streets in solidarity. These groups were united in their determination to stand up against the police charges and not to shrink from physical contact.

They did not have any battle plan, but they did have a thorough knowledge of the Latin Quarter terrain. They organized motorized squadrons for reconnaissance of police deployment and spontaneously mounted rear-line brigades which kept the barricades supplied with weapons and projectiles. They were armed with stones, pieces of chairs, iron bars, and containers filled with powder and equipped with a fuse.

[THE GENDARMES FIND THEMSELVES UP AGAINST THE WALL]

FACED WITH THIS INSURRECTIONARY CLIMATE and the students' newly-adopted countermeasures, the police on Monday seemed to be overwhelmed and impotent. Grimaud, the chief of police, gave formal instructions to avoid contact and direct clashes as much as possible. The total strength of the police was only 2400 men, 600 of them mobile guards and 200 CRS (a particularly brutal branch of the national police—originally formed to purge communists from police ranks after World War II). The police general staff came to recognize that the "armed" demonstrators were equal in number, and had the advantages of mobility and youth.

On Tuesday, more CRS were called in as reinforcements.

A survey of the hospitals showed that the injuries inflicted on the policemen were, in general, more serious than those of their victims, though the police got even later in brutal beatings of isolated students. Stones and steam irons thrown down from the windows caused numerous fractures. As for the 114 demonstrators or bystanders who were knocked out by police clubs, only one sustained serious injury, but an unidentified "special" tear gas caused great injury to hundreds.

Since the Algerian War no demonstration had lasted more than five hours. And for the first time, moreover, teachers had joined the ranks of the students.

[THE PROFESSORS ENLIST]

THERE HAD BEEN A GREAT DEAL of bad blood between professors and students. Except for a few sympathizers (in sociology) and a significant minority of "doves," most of the professors were very hostile to the militant student minorities who fomented revolt against the "bourgeois university." Thus the general secretary of the National Association of Higher Education, M. Alain Geismar, was taking a considerable risk when on Friday he called for a total strike of classes. His bluff was successful: the strike was observed.

The police repression and the closing down of the two colleges had changed everything—the professors switched sides. Included in their number were Alfred Kastler and Jacques Monod, both Nobel Prize recipients.

The teachers were reassured by the shift in the nature of the movement from the first, almost insurrectional clashes of Monday to a "long march" on Tuesday from Denfert-Rochereau to the *Etoile* and back, which was organized by the student union (UNEF). The professors were impressed by the march's discipline.

By taking matters in hand on Tuesday, the UNEF almost recovered the energy and the leadership role it had lost in former years. Organizationally exhausted from its long struggle against the Algerian War, its membership had dropped from a peak of 100,000 in 1962 to 50,000 today. Previously rent by theoretical disagreement, the UNEF now found itself in a position to recover its former strength, by exerting leadership under the most difficult conditions.

But to maintain the struggle, the UNEF knew it needed allies—especially among the working class and its organizations. On Tuesday, it proposed a meeting with the communist and left-wing labor unions, the CGT (*Confédération Générale du Travail*) and the CFDT (*Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail*).

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Paris Match

[THE COMMUNISTS BECOME VERY UP-TIGHT]

IN THE FACTORIES, the first reactions were unfavorable: "The students aren't serious. They're revolting against their daddies." The CFDT waited. The CGT wanted nothing to do with the "pro-Chinese." But during the day on Tuesday, thousands of telephone calls poured into CGT headquarters from rank and file leaders eager to unite with the demonstrators of the Latin Quarter. "We workers," one official said to the Parisian CFDT, "can't afford to cut ourselves off, because of stupid prejudice, from our traditional allies, the students."

On Tuesday at five p.m., in a cramped room at UNEF headquarters, Eugène Descamps and Georges Séguy, the secretaries-general of the CFDT and the CGT, met with the student leaders. The topic of the meeting was a proposed united demonstration of workers and students in Paris and the great provincial towns. The projected day was Thursday, in the late afternoon. But the debate to support the students ground on until Friday, when the decision to unite was made over the opposition of several student leaders who were reluctant to see the unions become the spokesmen for their movement.

The evolution of support from the rank and file militants corresponds to that from the men on the street. A poll taken on Wednesday showed that 61 per cent of Parisians felt that the demands of the students were justified and that 71 per cent supported the students who had received disciplinary sanctions. The romantic image of human beings unjustly ground down by an inhuman system had stood the students in good stead.

The majority of the people polled were parents. Now they were questioning their own responsibilities. As former Agriculture Minister Edgar Pisani said in the National Assembly: "We are handing our children a world without meaning and without guarantees—and we are asking them to endorse what we have done. Often, when my own son asks me questions, I can only remain silent—or lie." (Pisani was one of only two of 242 Gaullist deputies to vote for censuring the government.)

But Parliament was already an irrelevance—the students had passed it on their march the day before without even bothering to throw a rock.

The only relevant voice in the chamber belonged to M. Pierre Juquin, spokesman for the communist group, who made a speech in favor of the immediate demands of the students. His was a delicate maneuver: on Friday, May 3, L'Humanité, the Party organ, had published an article by M. Georges Marchais, a member of the Political Bureau of the Communist Party, denouncing the agitation of the "extremists." These "extremists," in open conflict with the Communist Party students, were the ones who had prevented M. Juquin from speaking at Nanterre on April 25.

On Monday, the day of the insurrection, the Party was caught with its pants down. Mm. Juquin, Roland Leroy and René Piquet led the attack against the ineptness of M. Marchais. The university, they claimed, a traditional source of strength for the Party, was about to escape them at any moment. L'Humanité could not afford to keep on underestimating the number of demonstrators, condemning their slogans and neglecting to mention their red flags. If this continued, the Party was liable to fall into the trap the leftists had set for it: it would lose control over the student masses.

Belatedly, the argument carried the day. The "leftist factions" were now termed "groups," and M. Juquin rose in the Assembly to give the left its head.

A successful about-face? In parliamentary circles, perhaps. But not among the students. Writer Louis Aragon got proof of this on Thursday at a rally on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, when he tried to take the floor from Cohn-Bendit. Booed down by the students, the author of *Communist Man* had to recognize with sadness that the first week of student power had produced the most surprising revolution of our time: the birth of an ultra-left in France, what Cohn-Bendit calls France's "nonparliamentary opposition." For that moment at any rate, Parliament seemed outside of the center of struggle: at the will of the workers who had seized the electric plants, it could be reduced to a roomful of men debating in the darkness.

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Student Power & the Business of Intellectuals

[An Interview with "Danny the Red"]

The French student revolt surprised everyone. Shortly before police were called to "clear" the Sorbonne of students from Nanterre who had started daily rallies there, the leader of the Nanterre group, Daniel Cohn-Bendit—the stateless 23-year-old son of a Jewish couple who took refuge in France during World War II—unwittingly prefigured the national impact of the demonstrations.

Q. The public at large only knows about the violent aspects of your action at Nanterre: the punitive expedition against the right-wing "Occident" movement and the expulsion of the Communist Deputy Pierre Juquin whom you had invited to Nanterre. What is the framework and what are the goals of your activity?

A. Our immediate goal is the politicalization of the university. The UNEF [*Union Nationale des Etudiants de France*] used to make its demands from day to day; from time to time it passed out pamphlets supporting the Vietnamese. But there was no political dialogue except inside the university. Now we want to make the university into a bastion. In the university, we are usually protected from police interference—which is common for us elsewhere, even in high

Paris Match

"Danny the Red"

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schools or on the streets. At factories, when it isn't the cops, it's the CGT [*Confédération Générale du Travail*—a communist labor union, the largest in France] who attacks us.

As for the expedition against "Occident," I have this to say: we demand freedom of expression within the university, but we will refuse this freedom to those who support the Americans. No one would permit a forum on the topic: "Hitler was right to liquidate six million Jews." So why allow a pro-American meeting, organized by fascists, with an entirely analogous topic?

Q. What are the themes around which you intend to politicize and mobilize the students?

A. There are some among us for whom the struggle of the Third World against imperialism and exploitation is the theme *par excellence*. But the rest of us think that the struggle of the Third World has to be supported by concrete action which tries to destroy, insofar as we have the force, the centers of exploitation themselves which are within our reach—in France.

But the starting point for politicalization is the situation in which we are placed at the university. The powers that be have said "no" to all our demands, even when we have had the support of the professors.

And the latter were pretty chicken: they agreed with the students but they refused to participate in the strike.

Our demands have brought us into conflict against the whole system: against political power, against capitalism, against the existing conception of the university. Politicalization starts there: with the questioning of the capitalist system and the social function it has assigned to the university; with the refusal of the students to let themselves be molded into the cadres for the future exploitation of the working class.

Q. Don't you think that a lot of students are just romantic revolutionaries, and that there has been no analysis of the real reasons for their discontent so that the politicalization is only superficial?

A. It is true that theory has fallen behind practice. We are well aware of this. But this is because practice, that is to say *action*, was the only way to overcome the division of the students into tiny factions. There's no point in trying to persuade a faction with a theoretical analysis, however correct it may be: if you're lucky they may read it; but they'll never rally behind it, because the essence of a faction is that it won't subscribe to anything that isn't produced by its own members.

But once an action has been set into motion and people are following along, then many people suddenly become involved who had not formerly been involved because they were sick and tired of listening to endless debates in the factions. Action itself, insofar as it allows us to move beyond petty disagreements, is the means to mobilize and to bring about further action.

Therefore theoretical analysis can only come later when there's time to breathe. I believe that we will be helped in this by the teaching assistants who seem already to have undertaken the task. The Italians have an advantage over us here, because they were shut up in their universities for six months and had time to do the theoretical work. That's what has to be done. As for us, we've only been working for a month and a half.

Q. What is your criticism of the university as it exists today?

A. We are trying to develop a critique of the ideology which is destroying higher education.

For example, we refuse to contribute to the formation of a psycho-sociology whose specialty is obscuring class conflicts so that the system of exploitation will function more smoothly. Or another example: we want to show that the history courses are scientifically worthless because they don't produce anything that can be called historical analysis. Also we are trying to break down the divisions which separate different subjects, because the separation of subjects and disciplines is basically, to a great extent, an effort to turn out limited specialists who will accept the existing social and technical division of labor.

Obviously we can't demonstrate what courses ought to be; we can only interrupt them, intersperse our critiques, prevent the professor from going along through his course as he intended, and oblige him to deal with our objections.

For example, we asked Michel Crozier, who is giving a course on French society, to show a film by Chris Marker on the strike at the Rhodiaceta factory. Crozier refused. So we told him that we would shut down his course.

The critique of the university, in sum, rests on a certain amount of student power. Not throughout society, but within the university, for the time being at least. In the sciences, for example, it is simple to show that no one is teaching how to rationalize technology. The uses to which science is put versus the possibilities of its optimal utilization: there is a problem we have to deal with. That is the business of intellectuals.

Q. Is this a Marxist critique?

A. A critique is only effective if it is taken up by the exploited masses in a revolutionary struggle. It is true that at this moment the students are the only ones who are fighting a global revolutionary struggle. But revolutionary action on the part of the working class has not disappeared in the Western countries. At the present time it takes the form of wildcat strikes and outbreaks of violence led by the young workers. At Caen and at Saint-Nazaire it was the young men who had the most fighting spirit. It is not just the students but youth as a whole which is in revolt. An older worker who has a family to support doesn't want to pick a fight when he sees that no one else is moving and especially when the CGT is trying to cool it. But the young workers have nothing to lose: they are jobless, they have no family, no payments to make on the refrigerator.

I am not saying that there is going to be a great uprising of the working class tomorrow; but the situation can move very rapidly, for the gold crisis and the war in Vietnam will have repercussions in France. Of course we have no real ties with the working class, except for our attempts to distribute pamphlets at the factories. But when there is a strike at Nanterre, I think we can do what the Italian students did at Fiat: join the picket lines; bring the workers who want to come into the university cafeteria. They won't have to pay anything. We'll work it out.

A. Aren't you worried about your professional future?

A. The activist minority doesn't give a shit about its future, even though we have taken the position that we shouldn't be expelled from school. As for me, I have a scholarship from the German government because I am an orphan. I am thinking of becoming a lawyer where you can play a part in the political process.

But now my future depends on what the police want to do.

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[THE POLITICS OF BROTHERHOOD]

HHH as Uncle Tom

by Robert Sherrill

IN 1948, HUBERT HUMPHREY was thirty-seven. He had been mayor of Minneapolis, the nation's fourteenth largest city, for not quite four years. And even though his job as state campaign chairman for the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party (DFL) in 1944 had helped strengthen him politically, his stature was distinctly rickety.

Joe Ball, Humphrey's Republican opponent in the Senate race, was unpopular with the unions because of his support of the Taft-Hartley Act, and he had lost much favor with the rural Republicans by backing Roosevelt in 1944. Still, the strength that remained to him was difficult to estimate and in the peculiar three-party situation of 1948, it could be enough to win unless Humphrey took some dramatic steps to cut down the odds.

Humphrey also had to contend with Henry Wallace's Progressive Party. The most successful way to undermine its appeal would be to pull a nationally acclaimed "radical" stunt. This problem was not confined to Minnesota; nationally the Democrats were faced with the same predicament. With the Wallace party on the ballot, the liberals of the large urban centers of the north and west might easily go Progressive in sufficient numbers to leave several of the usually Democratic states in the hands of the Republican Dewey. The Truman administration up to that point—with its constant saber rattling, its establishment of the CIA, its forced loyalty oaths for government workers and its decided drift to the right—had done little to inspire the nation's liberals.

Something had to be done to hold the liberals and Northern blacks to the Democrats, and it was decided that Humphrey would attract them by amending the Democratic civil rights plank at the convention. The amendment that Humphrey would seek was drafted by Joseph Rauh, a Washington attorney who, with Humphrey and others, had helped to found the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) two years before. Rauh is about as radical as Quaker Oats, and the amendment he wrote can hardly be differentiated from the civil rights plank the Trumanites had come prepared to offer. The Truman plank called for nondiscriminatory rights to vote and work and equal protection of the law. To this, the Humphrey amendment added only nondiscriminatory treatment in the armed forces.

When the convention platform committee rejected the amendment, Humphrey took the issue to the floor and won. His appeal to the delegates was the most often recalled speech of his career: "There are those who say to you—we are rushing this issue of civil rights. I say we are a hundred and seventy-two years late." The soon-to-be Dixiecrats trooped out behind Strom Thurmond, whose presidential candidacy on the States' Rights ticket cost the Democrats 38 electoral votes in the South.

IN MINNESOTA, HUMPHREY WAS ELECTED senator by 729,494 votes to 485,801. Quite obviously he was an effective campaigner and an impressive personality, and his personal victory is underscored by the fact that the DFL was not yet influential enough to win the governor's office that year. But the truly significant thing about the size of his victory, the ominous aspect of it—because it pointed to a national trend rather than merely to a Minnesota trend—was that it showed the increasing willingness of the liberal and the middle-of-the-roader to substitute the cause of civil rights for that of civil liberties—and to do so, very likely, without being aware of what was happening. Humphrey's candidacy offered this substitute. Civil rights was to be the salve for the liberal conscience during the next several years when civil liberties, banged and buffeted by the McCarthyites, were not safe to defend. Humphrey, along with his liberal and moderate supporters, had shown how marvelously effective the substitution could be.

He was not acting in isolation. There was at this time a widespread retreat by liberals away from the beleaguered ramparts. It was a time when even certified liberals like James A. Wechsler, now editor of the New York Post, had panicked to the point that they were frantically churning out pieces for respectable magazines like Harper's on such topics as "How to Rid the Government of Communists." Of such stuff was

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liberalism made in 1947. Of course, men like Wechsler sounded tolerant beside Congressman Rankin's bill to send a person to jail for ten years for "conveying the impression of sympathy with communism or communist ideology" either in the classroom, private letters or print. Humphrey said that, in principle, he agreed with Rankin.

Liberals had a problem, of course. How does one retreat from civil liberties without appearing to fink out? A lot of people—liberal politicians, labor unionists, minority race spokesmen—were illuminated by the same light bulb almost simultaneously: civil rights, *sí*; civil liberties, *no*. By going overboard for the cause of civil rights while throwing the Reds, radicals and left-liberals to the wolves—not only as individuals but as officials in *verboten* organizations—they did very little for civil rights, as the next decade showed only too painfully, but they weakened the left-of-center political forces.

Carey McWilliams was as keen an observer as the left wing had at the time. In his book *Witch Hunt*, published in 1950 in the springtime of McCarthyism, he notes the beginning of this contradictory pitting of civil rights *against* civil liberties as an artificially manufactured phenomenon:

"Confronted with a mounting wave of public indignation on the score of racial discrimination, President Truman was compelled to sponsor a civil rights program for racial minorities; but he was disposed to this course of action, apparently, by his simultaneous discovery that this program could serve as an effective cover for his failure to protect other civil rights —for example, the civil rights of government employees."

In Minnesota, the worst communist witch hunt in a decade, led by the very decent liberal Hubert Humphrey and financed by the empire builders of Minneapolis and St. Paul, occurred during the same period in which these partners, the Humphrey liberals and the men of wealth and influence, were beating the gong for fair employment at home and a tougher civil rights plank in the Democratic platform. Perhaps the most accurate description of their goal would not be civil rights (and certainly not civil liberties) but civil consensus.

HAVING USED THE CIVIL RIGHTS theme to gain national notoriety and a seat in the U.S. Senate, Humphrey's zealousness began to cool. Within three months after reaching Washington he was no longer John the Baptist crying in the Democratic wilderness; he had shed his clothing of skins and had outfitted himself in as fine a double-breasted blue suit as Dayton's Department Store had in stock.

The new, smooth, unexcited civil rights advocate revealed himself for the first time on May 3, 1949, in a debate over legislation to supply education money to states. Senator Lodge offered an amendment providing that a state could get the money only if it desegregated its schools. The amendment had been requested by the NAACP. In a wire to Lodge the NAACP had said, "Sound federal legislation in the field of education cannot compromise with the situation. S. 246 without Lodge amendment puts federal government in position of countenancing present inequalities and discriminations because bill in present form gives express approval to 'separate public schools' for minority races." This was an accurate appraisal of the legislation in every respect. It was a subsidy for segregated schools.

The Lodge-NAACP effort was not the kind that is often seen in Congress; killing a bill under the pretense of trying to do a greater good is more common. No, Lodge said, he intended to vote for the bill, he favored federal aid to education, but was against improving white schools in the poorer states of the South while Negro schools fell into worse ruin.

When a similar amendment had been offered to a low-income and slum-clearance bill a few days earlier, Senator Paul Douglas, one of the other liberal bulls, opposed it on the grounds that the amendment would drive away the Dixie vote. Referring to Douglas' argument and bringing it forward to apply to the school aid bill, Humphrey said that "never on the floor of the Senate has a more pertinent argument, a more logical discussion, and a more courageous stand been taken by one whose heart literally bleeds for those who are the oppressed and who are underprivileged."

Humphrey said he opposed the Lodge amendment on the same grounds—he did not want to lose the Dixie vote. This was a strangely high regard for the South's support, coming from a man who only ten months earlier had calculatingly driven the Deep South away from the Democratic Convention. Ten months earlier he had cast himself in the role of a heroic purist by disdaining the South's support; he had ridiculed the idea of the preeminence of states' rights. And when Lodge read aloud to Humphrey that passage from his speech to the convention ("My friends, to those who say that we are rushing this issue" etc.), Humphrey brushed aside the recollection. That was a philosophy, he said, that should be applied only to civil rights in the abstract—to legislation pertaining *solely* to civil rights—not to practical and concrete legislation having to do with housing and education.

He was already rushing to patch things up with the South. Oh, yes, he was distraught, he said, that he could not support the civil rights amendment: "No senator could be more unhappy than I am at this hour." He likened his pain and agony to that of Christ on the cross, and he called out to God to forgive the segregationists, for "they know not what they do." Still, he was not so distraught that he could not coolly move into a better relationship with the Dixiecrats. Ten months earlier—for the benefit of a Northern-oriented convention—he had debunked the primacy of local initiative. But now, for a Southern-oriented Senate, he recalled that as mayor of Minneapolis, he "did not call upon the federal government" to help him in his desegregation program. And he went on to imply, quite clearly, that the federal government should not try to compel all local officials to push for desegregation.

The threat to withhold money from schools might be a very effective threat—but Humphrey said he would prefer not to use it; he would prefer to leave such matters as desegregation up to the initiative of the mayors of, say, Jackson, Mississippi, and Charleston, South Carolina, and other Southern officials. He would prefer to leave desegregation to the conscience of Senator Eastland. "I wish every city in America would [desegregate]. But, as much as I detest segregation, I love education more. I believe education is the fundamental answer, in the long run, to the problem of segregation." (Throughout the 1950's and early 1960's this was also the standard theme of Southern segregationist politicians: "Education, not integration, is the answer." This pious cant at length moved Robert Hutchins to observe: "Education, not patriotism, has now become the last refuge of scoundrels.")

As for the concept of adding a civil rights amendment to

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ordinary legislation, he had no patience with that. He considered it only a gimmick, a way to embarrass all the sincere liberals under the dome.

In his 1948 convention exhortation, Humphrey had spoken of the nation's "evil patience" toward correcting racial inequalities, but by 1951 he was saying that although "I refuse to believe that approximately 64 or 65 senators who are pledged in their respective states to civil rights legislation cannot outlast a force half as large, to put it bluntly," still, "*I've learned a sense of patience.*" (My italics.)

At the 1952 national convention, at which he was talking softly in the apparent hope of picking up Southern support for his effort to win the vice presidential nomination, Humphrey said he would "support" but would not "lead" a move to put into the platform a plank opposing the filibuster. The next year, 1953, Humphrey announced he was willing to compromise with Southerners to get a start on some civil rights legislation. "I am so distressed over the long stalemate," he said, "that I am perfectly willing to be the compromiser. I am willing to offer the olive branch and get this thing moving. It's better to go a foot than to fail to go a mile." His specific compromise proposal was a bill to set up a presidential civil rights commission to survey the duties and activities of federal agencies in the fields of employment, education, health, housing and so on. The commission would make recommendations, but it would have no power of enforcement. It was "nothing" legislation or worse, for it left the false impression that Congress had some concern over civil rights when in fact it had none.

The sagging morale of the liberal bloc—of which Humphrey was by now the recognized leader—was aptly demonstrated at the opening of the 1955 session. The liberals announced that they would stop short of any effort to curb the filibuster that year and would, instead, simply go on record as being upset that filibusters were being used to frustrate civil rights.

The next year's effort was just as soggy. Former Senator Douglas recalls: "The civil rights bill was being chloroformed in the Eastland Committee in 1956, and I tried to get the House civil rights bill brought before the Senate, and I only got six votes on that procedural strategy. I was a little hurt—Hubert wasn't one of the six. But, you understand, that was just before the Democratic convention."

Humphrey's forgiveness of the recalcitrant South at the 1956 national convention, where he was again seeking the vice presidential spot, came through clearly when he worked out, with former Governor John S. Battle of Virginia, a new rule which did not tightly bind the delegates to support the Democratic nominee (if, perchance, he was a civil rights candidate). Furthermore, since the South was threatening to walk out again if the platform called for White House enforcement of the 1954 Supreme Court desegregation order, Humphrey sought only a *court* implementation plank, which came very close to the Jacksonian insult to the court—"They passed it, now let them enforce it."

THE HERO—TO USE THE WORD LIGHTLY—of 1957 was not Hubert Humphrey but Richard Nixon. That was the year that Vice President Nixon gave his opinion at the opening of the session that the Senate could change its rules by a simple majority and that Section 2 of the Senate's famed Rule 22, permitting unlimited debate on rules change, was unconstitutional.

Nixon had not made the ruling without warning. Humphrey had gone to him before the session opened and had told him to prepare himself for answering a point of order on ending debates. "Don't get the wrong idea," said Humphrey, "we're not trying to put you on the spot. But if you give the right answer it may make another Abraham Lincoln out of you." Before that conversation ended, Nixon had indicated that he would give the right answer. Later Humphrey tried to pretend that "when I asked for that opinion I was taking a calculated risk," but he wasn't. He knew what Nixon would say.

Humphrey did not again figure in the civil rights fight in an important way until 1964 when, with a bipartisan consensus that Congress could wait no longer and that it had probably in fact waited much too long, and with Lyndon Johnson going after the Northern Negro and liberal vote to give him an extension of the presidency, Humphrey did give good service in pushing through the civil rights act of that year.

Then came the 1964 Democratic Convention and Humphrey's debated role in supporting/opposing the maverick delegation of Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party protesters who wanted to be seated in place of the all-white delegation from Mississippi. Their argument was that the white delegates were illegally chosen via a Jim Crow election—which was true. Johnson, however, was determined that there would be only peace and harmony, or at least an outward showing of it, on the convention floor, and he was determined to keep the MFDP blacks in line. He would not himself take part in the manipulations, of course. He gave that job to Humphrey—with the heavy implication that if he did not get the Mississippi blacks to settle down and be quiet, he just might not get the vice presidential spot. All members of the MFDP will assure you today that they were sold out by Hubert Humphrey and Joseph Rauh. Other liberals and blacks will debate this point for a long time.

Rauh was one of the MFDP's attorneys. He held out firmly for seating the blacks at first, but then, contending that the MFDP had lost its bargaining position, he urged his Negro clients to accept two "roving delegate" positions. They refused—strategically the only thing they could do. They were not there to be compromised but to underscore and dramatize the total subjugation of the Negro in the Mississippi political process. One does not dramatize total subjugation by compromising. And when Rauh kept insisting that they compromise, and finally when he washed his hands of them, they assumed that their honkie attorney had folded up under pressure from his comrade in the ADA—Humphrey.

This is the version of the closed-door dickering given by Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, a former sharecropper who lives in Senator Eastland's hometown, Ruleville (and who is as great a heroine to Southern Negroes as Eastland is a hero to the segregationists):

"Mr. Humphrey, he kept telling us to compromise for two votes. He seemed very upset, *very* upset. Our attorney at the time told us if we didn't compromise, if we didn't go for the two votes, if we didn't *slow down*, Mr. Humphrey wouldn't get the nomination. [Question: Was it Joe Rauh who told you that?] I *declare* it was Mr. Rauh, and that's what he said. Mr. Humphrey was sitting *right there* when Mr. Rauh said that and he had tears in his eyes—I mean *Humphrey* had tears in his eyes—when Joe Rauh said it. I '*clare* that is the truth. I asked the Vice President if his position was more important

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than the lives of 400,000 black people. . . . He didn't answer me and I didn't get invited to any more meetings, neither.

"They kept saying we should take two votes *at large*. I couldn't see how that would help us. Dr. [Martin Luther] King said we wouldn't hear of it. They said afterwards that SNCC pressured us into refusing the two votes. I tell you, everybody *but* SNCC was trying to pressure us. I went to Bob Moses at SNCC and he said, 'Mrs. Hamer, you're grown people in Mississippi and you do what you feel is good for you.' So we did. I don't know if Joe Rauh sold us out. But we know *somethin'* happened to us. All I can say besides that is a person can get killed these days for tellin' the truth."

Rauh, on the other hand, denies that Humphrey argued for the compromise to defend his candidacy or was even privy to such arguments. He gets quite angry at the suggestion.

When asked whether Humphrey had leaned on him to pull in his horns on the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party effort, Rauh replied: "This is going to break your heart but that assumption is unfair and absolutely wrong. Humphrey did not lean on me. Hubert Humphrey was the height of ethical standards at that convention. *Johnson* leaned on *him* to lean on me, and he never asked for one concession. As for pulling in our horns, I reject that New Left crap. We didn't pull in our horns. We won. We won more than anybody in the entire place, including Bob Moses, expected us to get. We got the ouster of the lily whites. We got an offer to recognize, with two delegates from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. We got a promise for the future that is now being implemented. And any suggestion of anybody's pulling in their horns is just New Left rewriting of history. What did you expect them to do, give us unconditional surrender?"

But on another point Rauh conceded that Humphrey was guilty of undercutting the MFDP position by swinging some of the pro-MFDP people on the credentials committee into an anti-MFDP position. Humphrey, Walter Reuther and ex-Governor Pat Brown of California were among those, said Rauh, who chipped away at the MFDP's support until the black group could not win.

Militant blacks will not soon forget Humphrey's role in that convention; neither will they soon stop suspecting Rauh of being in cahoots with Humphrey in pressing for a deadly compromise just to help Humphrey's political career, which, as a matter of fact, probably needed no help anyway. At the organization meeting for an important black militant group in Washington in early 1968, a reporter asked why there weren't some white liberals in the group, "like, well . . . take Joe Rauh?" The blacks hooted and jeered, and advised the reporter, "*You* take Joe Rauh. We found out about him in 1964." More to the point, if there was a point to that convention, they found out something else about Hubert Humphrey.

WHEN HUMPHREY BECAME VICE PRESIDENT, his old liberal pals in the Senate wondered what he would do about Rule 22. Throughout most of his Senate career he had insisted that each Senate session was a new one at which the Senate could make new rules. Furthermore, it had always been Humphrey's stated opinion that the Senate should be able to cut off a filibuster by a simple majority which would necessitate a Rule 22 change at the opening of the session.

Now that he was Vice President, of course, he would rule as he had always said a Vice President should rule. Wouldn't he?

One morning shortly before he had to decide on it, Senator Douglas said to him, "Well, Hubert, I hope you're studying up on Rule 22."

"Don't worry about that," said Humphrey, grinning. "I've been doing my homework on that one for years."

And Hubert Humphrey mounted the chair to which he had aspired for so many years—one from which in previous sessions he had demanded rulings to create a more flexible, responsive legislating body—and he ruled to maintain the status quo, to defend the filibuster and all the old rusted lares of the Senate establishment.

THE PREEMINENT TEST of Humphrey's earnestness about civil rights was taken and soundly flunked by him when, in 1965, he briefly became the administration's coordinator of all civil rights enforcement. He was the man with the big stick. All the federal statutes were his to bind together in a fasces and use to force compliance from all government contractors, all businessmen operating in interstate commerce, and all schools, universities and highway departments that receive federal funds. He could enforce the National Labor Relations Act provision that prohibits discrimination by trade unions; he could use the Department of Labor regulation issued in June 1963, to decertify any apprenticeship program in which discrimination was found; he could use Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 that bans discrimination in employment; and perhaps best of all, he had Executive Order 11246 which allows the government to cut off *all* contracts to any company discriminating in its employment—that is, a company operating in Mississippi on a whites-only basis could lose federal contracts not only in its Mississippi plant but in its Detroit or Seattle plants as well. Order 11246 is a potentially all-powerful weapon for prying open the employment doors for Negroes.

So what did Humphrey do with this great power?

Nothing. No apprenticeship program was decertified. Not one contract in all the industries that do business with the government and control an estimated 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 jobs was canceled.

To say that Humphrey did nothing is not, on second appraisal, quite accurate. He did what he usually does: he made speeches. In 1965, when he was receiving the powers that he would not use, Humphrey said, "It is no exaggeration to say that nonwhites, principally Negroes, are on the verge of a major economic crisis. . . . In some neighborhoods the unemployment rate among Negroes is as high as 40 per cent." He made very touching speeches.

But by 1968 even his speeches were changing, and on January 21, back in his hometown of Minneapolis, he swore a great oath to the Junior Chamber of Commerce that he had no sympathy for the civil rights militants; he vowed that he and others in the administration would break the militants' backs if they got out of line in the coming summer.

Mr. Sherrill, Washington correspondent for The Nation, is author of The Accidental President *and* Gothic Politics in the South. The Drugstore Liberal, *from which this excerpt is taken, will be published in July by Grossman.*

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How We Lost the War

GENERAL ANDRE BEAUFRE, *France's foremost military theoretician, recently returned from Vietnam with an explanation of why the U.S. Army has been stymied. Beaufre, who planned an invasion of France for the WW II Resistance forces and later served in Indochina and Algeria, granted an interview to Jean Lacouture, Jean Daniel and Olivier Todd. Lacouture is a* RAMPARTS *contributing editor in Paris.*

Q. How do you explain why the most powerful, best armed and supposedly best informed nation in history could not achieve success in ground fighting?

A. There were some successes, but limited ones. The Vietnamese have been guerrillas for 20 years and have acquired a style of combat which is practically a reflex by now. Ever since they first fought against colonizers, the Annamese have used tunnels as a normal means of combat. It isn't at all a theory imitated from Mao Tse-tung or from some Russian strategy. Another thing is that bombing is almost always useless, because bombs don't get to people underground. And finally there's the fact that the NLF troops keep up the battle for a while and then disappear.

Q. But the Americans know that. . . .

A. Sure they know about it, but to fight that kind of thing is something else; it isn't easy. Take Hue for example: everyone knows about the flag on the citadel, but at the same time they "infested" the entire city, and when the Americans and South Vietnamese penetrated into the citadel, they found themselves encircled by guerrillas. It was so bad that the citadel was taken two days after it had been evacuated (no one knows how they got out, by the way, since it was said they were encircled, but they must have had a tunnel or something), and then when General Thieu came to tour the site as President of the Republic, he had exploding mortar shells to accompany his parade!

Q. What have you seen about the Front and North Vietnamese troops' arms?

A. They've gotten Soviet weapons and some Chinese which seem to be copies of the Russian weapons—especially extremely rapid-fire automatic rifles. This gives them an enormous instantaneous fire power. And then they have a bazooka—or more properly a "Panzerfaust"—which is propelled like a rocket. The soldier carries three on his back and one in his hand, sort of like arrows used to be. This bazooka is extremely effective because it has a heavy charge and a very strong explosion. It can demolish a tank, and in street fighting, for example, it's terrifying.

These two weapons give the individual soldier pretty formidable fire power. Moreover they have many more mortars and rockets which have a range of 12 to 15 kilometers and thus subject all the American air bases to artillery fire without the Americans being able to do anything about it, since they cannot extend their perimeters to 12 km.

It is this technical revolution which has been the major factor in changing the military situation.

Q. What people can never understand is why the Americans, with their vaunted intelligence operation, haven't adapted themselves progressively to the improvements and increasing supply of enemy armament.

A. General Westmoreland told me that he had the latest model automatic rifles distributed to the South Vietnamese Army because the South Vietnamese felt that they were under-equipped in relation to their adversaries. But I think that the difference really stems from the fact that the American Army is built on the model of what I would call a "fire power machine" . . . It is based on theories which were current in France around 1917 under the influence of Pétain: fire power conquers, infantry occupies. The Americans do not have a working infantry composed of autonomous soldiers. For them warfare is fire power first of all, and after the fire power they figure out what to do next: if there is any resistance left, they ask for more fire power and then come back to take another look.

Their opponents, on the other hand, have an extremely flexible infantry, and this is what distinguishes between the two. Now that the enemy has fire power —not as much, but some—the Americans have had to recognize that their Army is not flexible enough, that it is incredibly clumsy.

Q. How do the Americans act with experts like yourself in conversation? Are they irritated? Do they listen? Do they pretend that the lesson you have to teach isn't valid?

A. I used to get that response a lot. But this time I found people much more open, extremely open, if I may say so. But there is also a conformity, where everyone adheres to the official thesis. I believe that American conformity is a thing which we have a hard time imagining. It is a free country, and at the same time, a conformist country.

Q. If you had to summarize the situation of the American forces in Vietnam at this moment, what would you say?

A. I think that at this moment they have lost the initiative and do not have the means to recapture it, because they would have to regroup their reserves, and they can only do this by evacuating somewhere. But they haven't taken a decision to evacuate anywhere because they want to preserve the occupation which they have achieved. Thus, in order to regroup their reserves, they are obliged to wait for reinforcements, and so long as they have no reinforcements they are in a very delicate situation. . . .

The deployment of the Americans consists of an archipelago of strong points on all the northern plateaus, strong points with an air strip in the center and around it a sizable garrison for protection. This takes up between four and six divisions. They can evacuate everything, but this is a step they haven't taken, and if they don't take it, the troops are pinned down there.

Apart from this, they have a rather sizable deployment around Saigon: three divisions which are absolutely indispensible to guarantee the safety of the

Westmoreland by David Stone Martin

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city. So I don't really see where they are going to get any troops. . . .

Q. From your observations there, would you say that the NLF has autonomy of action, that it directs its own operations—naturally with the growing support of the North?

A. According to the Americans, the military telegrams coming from the North, which they intercept and read, are orders. They take this to mean that there is only a single adversary. I believe that there is a unitary command, if you will (something, incidentally, which the Americans have yet to achieve). They get orders and they put them into action. But at the same time I believe that the relation of the NLF to Hanoi is more or less similar to that of the South Vietnamese to the Americans. That is, when the NLF says: "No, we don't want to do that," or "Our judgment is that . . ." etc., Hanoi has no way to make them do it because in its ideology, in its system (as by the way, Hanoi has stated) they are two distinct political entities.

Q. Do you see Giap's hand in the general direction of the strategy?

A. The strategy of 1954 and that of today bear an identical signature. Remember the thrust that the Viet Minh made on Laos where they pinned us down by forcing us to fight everywhere at once? It's the same strategy.

Q. The dispersion of the enemy?

A. Dispersion and pinning down. It's characteristic.

If you take the strategic history of the former campaign, there was first the phase of what Giap calls pure and defensive guerrilla action, which I saw during the years 1947-48, when they survived as best they could. Later, when I returned with General de Lattre, they had formed five or six divisions in China which had started a general offensive all along the Chinese frontier, against Cao-Bang which we were forced to evacuate.

What they had done at that point was to cut our antennas, so to speak, and force us to regroup, which we did so effectively that when they wanted to attack the Delta, de Lattre had the means to stop them at the battle of Vinh-Yen.

At that moment Giap realized that he couldn't go on that way; he undertook a different strategy of undercutting us in the Delta, to pin down, to drown our troops in the Delta, and to keep them from regaining their mobility. Then he set out to infiltrate the forests where the weapons we had at that time—we had no helicopters and our air force was very inadequate—stopped us from putting up real resistance.

They pursued this strategy from 1951 to 1954: it's not the kind of thing you do overnight. This forced us back, first to the stronghold of Na-San, which we were very lucky to get out of, then to the stronghold of Dien Bien Phu, and finally came their thrusts towards Savannakhet. At each blow the French command had to commit its forces to the left, to the right, etc., and then, when the reserves had been completely dried up, came the great attack on Dien Bien Phu, with one additional surprise element—the appearance of an unforeseen weapon, long-range artillery.

Q. It seems that all things considered, the NLF and North Vietnam today have military and strategic options far superior to those of the Viet Minh in the spring of 1954. Is this true?

A. In 1954, the Vietnamese had Chinese arms, that is, conventional weapons, plus 120 mm. mortars. Now they have more and more Soviet arms, which have been the essential feature of the most recent battles. In my opinion, it is these Soviet arms which have justified the change in strategy: before, the NLF had the troops but they didn't have enough fire power. When they got the materiel they needed, they could go ahead. Last year Giap said: "The war will last 10 or 20 years," and then suddenly they moved over to a general offensive. I believe that the reason for this change lies in the materiel.

Q. What would you do if you were the NLF and the North Vietnamese?

A. Remember the experience of 1950-51. Giap made the error of forcing us to regroup in the Delta; this gave him a relatively easy local success, but at the same time it rebuilt our forces and delayed for several years the victory he had hoped for.

Q. And the Americans? What can they do?

A. In their place I would regroup my forces. I'm not very sure what I would keep and what I would write off, but I know, for example, that I would abandon all the high plateaus which have neither military nor political importance.

I think that the decision they have taken not to evacuate is a weakness. Of course, I am well aware that evacuation is liable to cause them difficulties because of the enormous quantities of materiel they would have to abandon. . . .

Q. To refer to the great debate in military theory for the last 15 years: isn't the war in Vietnam more or less a defeat for Maxwell Taylor's "graduated response"?

A. Yes. More exactly, it is a defeat for the kind of war my friend Herman Kahn has defined, that is to say, pressure by escalation.

Q. You are singling out a civilian and sparing Maxwell Taylor?

A. No, it's not that. It's because Maxwell Taylor has not developed the theory in its entirety and because he speaks of "response" instead of "pressure." And then there is another reason: I think that the famous theoretical debate over massive retaliation corresponds to a psychological reality. When you declare the doctrine of massive retaliation you are admitting its possibility, and in any case you are trying to get your opponent to admit its possibility. When you declare that you will only advance by degrees, you show from the very beginning that you aren't really that eager to ascend the ladder.

At this point the opponent says, "Good, I understand . . . it isn't really all that serious! My opponent is being reasonable." But in reality, today governments say, "I am ready to die to defend my independence, so do not attack me because if you do I will be blown off the face of the earth, but you will be too."

And both sides say then that they had better cool things off. This is how it works from a psychological point of view.

If, on the contrary, a government says, "As you know I am modern, I am intelligent, I am sophisticated, we will have a war, but we will fight on tiptoe," this time the opponent says, "Good, he won't go to extremes." And this is even more dangerous because no one knows whether in the end he won't go to extremes after all!

But all this is out of date by now, because basically everyone knows that neither the Soviet Union, nor the United States, nor China tomorrow, wants a mutual barbecue, that's clear enough! But *if* one needs to maintain a military deterrent, then it is *necessary* to maintain a nuclear threat. . . . If you don't maintain it, then you return to classical warfare with all its contemporary refinements—as the war in Vietnam has shown.

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A former FBI man, now a critic of the Warren Commission, looks at the King Assassination and finds

Some Disturbing Parallels

by William W. Turner

CONTRARY TO LEGEND, THE FBI doesn't crack every case. Many are stamped "CLOSED ADMINISTRATIVELY," with the explanation, "All logical leads exhausted." It took me the first couple of years of a ten-year stint as an FBI agent to find out what this meant. Sometimes the case was too petty to pursue. Sometimes it couldn't be solved. Occasionally it had been bungled from the outset. And there were times when a case was simply not to the Bureau's liking. There never was much inclination to probe the radical right or much elan for solving civil rights cases, especially after J. Edgar Hoover called Dr. Martin Luther King the "most notorious liar in the world" in 1964, after King questioned the FBI's zeal in pressing civil rights investigations.

Despite my misgivings about the FBI, I was not prepared to believe that it would muff or muzzle the investigation of a case of the magnitude of a presidential assassination. At first, I did not share the intuitive feeling of many Americans and most Europeans that John Kennedy was the victim of a political conspiracy. By training and instinct I was an investigator, accustomed to dealing with forensic evidence. The array of apparently legitimate evidence that was being stacked up against Lee Harvey Oswald was impressive. Consequently, I had no reason to reject J. Edgar Hoover's version, leaked to the press barely three weeks after the assassination, that Oswald and Ruby had each acted alone.

The FBI version was adopted without noticeable discomfort by the Warren Commission, which never so much as publicly hinted that it was far from puncture-proof. But as the Commission's inquiry proceeded, the holes began to appear.

There was, for example, the film taken by spectator Abraham Zapruder. It graphically showed that Kennedy's head was jolted back and to the left, a reaction consistent with a shot fired from the right and front; that Oswald would have had to fire three shots with a clumsy bolt-action rifle in 5.6 seconds, and that Kennedy and Governor John Connally of Texas were struck by separate bullets within a second of each other, dictating at least two shooters.

Nevertheless, it soon became evident that the Commission was embracing the three-shots-from-behind theory to the exclusion of all others. Disturbed, I wrote the Commission on July 4, 1964, pointing out that the opinions of spectators as to the source of the shots could be misleading due to a sound phenomenon known as the "bow-wave effect." The reply disturbed me even more. "The Commission has completed its investigation," wrote General Counsel J. Lee Rankin on August 28, "and is now in the process of reviewing the results in order to draft the Final Report as quickly as possible." Obviously, there was a political imperative to get the report out before the fall elections.

Once a skeptic, I became a critic. Behind the lawyers' rhetoric, the Warren Report is riddled with contradictions, inconsistencies and implausibilities. The alternative to the single assassin theory is a conspiracy. If Oswald did not do it alone, it remains that he was elaborately framed.

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THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING on April 4 presents a series of striking parallels to the Kennedy case. A rifle with a telescopic sight was conveniently dropped at the crime scene. Just as the Carcano left in the Texas School Book Depository Building was readily traceable to Oswald, so the Remington jettisoned outside the dingy hotel from which King was shot was readily traceable to Eric Starvo Galt (whom the FBI subsequently identified as James Earl Ray, a 1967 escapee from a Missouri prison).

In both instances, also, it appears that the police radio network was penetrated. Within minutes after the President was shot, the Dallas police radio was broadcasting a description of a suspect—he generally resembled Oswald—that to this day is of unknown origin. Within minutes after the King shooting, the Memphis police radio was describing a police chase of a white Mustang thought to be the getaway car; police spokesmen now say the chase never took place. A white Mustang registered to Eric Starvo Galt was found abandoned in Birmingham, Alabama, a few days later. In the car was an Atlanta city map with circles drawn around Dr. King's home and church. The map was reminiscent of the Dallas city map found among Oswald's possessions after his arrest which had the Book Depository Building and several points along the Kennedy motorcade route circled.

The parallels come close to forming what the police would call a *modus operandi*, in which a trail was laid down to point to Oswald on the one hand, Galt on the other.

Yet despite these compelling indications, Attorney General Ramsey Clark insists that there is no evidence of conspiracy

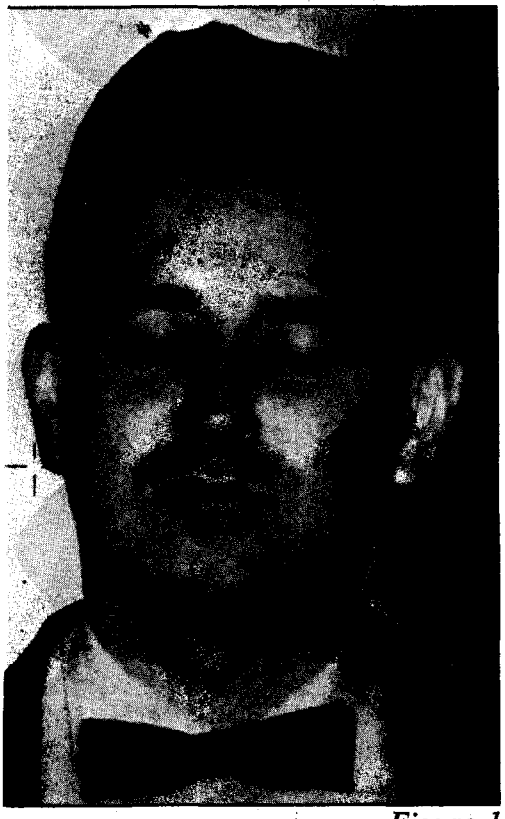

Figure 1

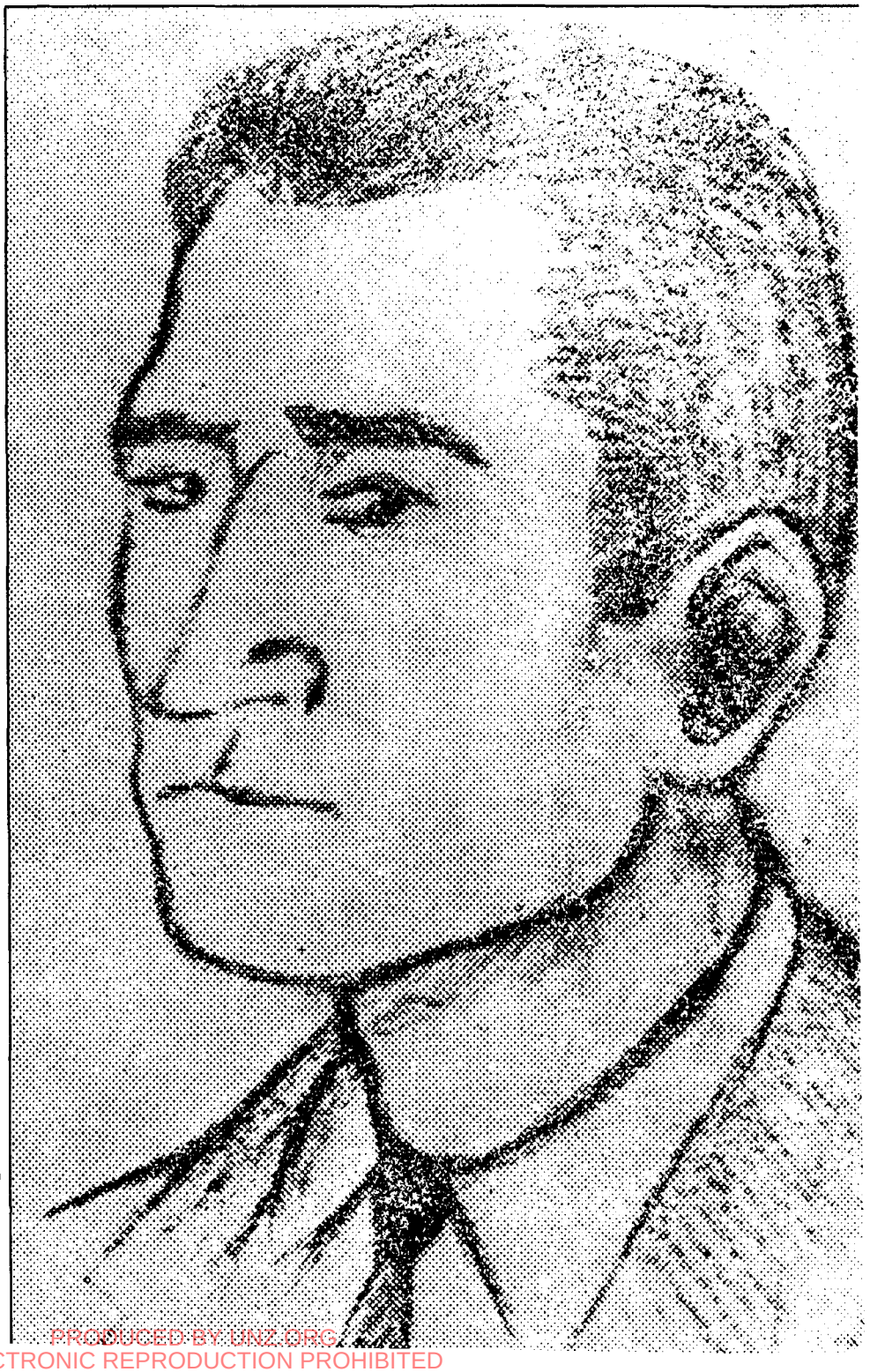

Figure 2

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in the King case. Within 24 hours of the Memphis slaying, he was announcing that it appeared to be the work of one man and that an arrest was imminent. On May 12, on the ABC network, Clark claimed there was no evidence to support theories that Galt had been hired by conspirators to kill King, and that there was "no evidence to believe that he [Galt] is not still alive."

The reference to the possibility that Galt was dead evidently stems from a photograph of him on the FBI's wanted bulletin (Figure 1). When I first saw it, it struck me as that of a dead man. The eyes were closed (an FBI artist dubbed in open eyes on a published reproduction), the face seemed puffy and in repose and the coat collar rode high, as if the man had been in a prone position. The Bureau did not reveal where it obtained the photograph, although there was speculation it was taken on the occasion of Galt's graduation from a Los Angeles bartending school on March 2 of this year. But chance acquaintances in Los Angeles do not believe it is the Galt they knew, and witnesses at the Memphis hotel tend to agree. "Unless he was wearing a wig or had had a face-lift or something, it's not the man I saw," commented hotel resident Charles Q. Stevens, who saw the fleeing sniper. "The hair is too full and the face is too young."

A few days after the King slaying, Memphis police released an artist's sketch of the suspect, reportedly prepared in Mexico under FBI supervision (Figure 2). It bore hardly any resemblance to the Galt photograph, but did have a startling resemblance to a face I had seen before. The face appears in a series of photographs taken by Black Star photographer William Allen in Dealey Plaza shortly after Kennedy was

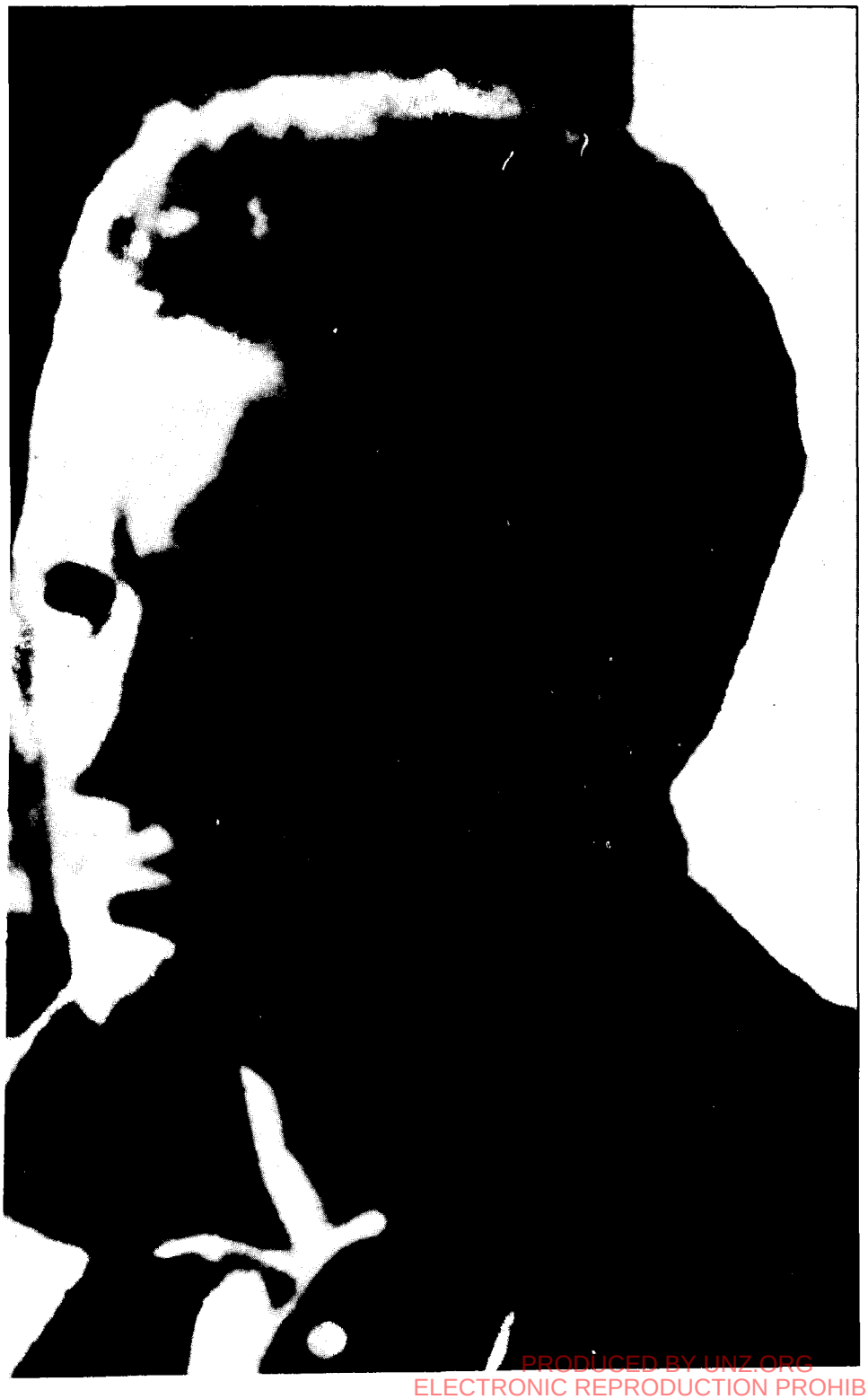

Figure 3A

Figure 3

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killed (Figure 3). It belongs to one of three men being marched by Dallas police from the area of the Grassy Knoll to the Dallas sheriff's department cater-corner across the plaza. The sketch and the photograph both portray a man with a sharp, pronounced nose (Memphis hotel witnesses were uniformly impressed by this feature), a wide mouth with thin lips, and a firm set to the jaw.

There is no record in the Warren Report or its volumes, or in the files of the Dallas police and sheriff's departments, as to the identity of the man in the Allen photograph, or his two companions. If their detention was ever recorded—several others taken into custody and released are accounted for in the annals of the Warren Commission—the files have been stripped. The investigation of District Attorney Jim Garrison in New Orleans has developed a suspect—a man who was active in anti-Castro activities, had Mexican connections and checked into a Dallas hotel three days before the assassination—but the DA has been unable to mount a widespread search for him due to the lack of cooperation of federal authorities.

New Orleans, the city that Garrison contends figured prominently in the Kennedy assassination planning, also looms large in the King case. While residing in Birmingham last fall, Galt claimed he had formerly worked at a New Orleans shipyard (the FBI was unable to find any record of his employment). Last December, Galt told several acquaintances in Los Angeles that he had to make a trip to New Orleans to see an "important industrialist." He made the trip in the white Mustang. The FBI has learned that Galt had lengthy meetings with a prominent industrialist at the Provincial Motor Lodge on December 17 and 19. The industrialist is also missing and a search is on for him.

Obviously the FBI, despite the disclaimers of its boss Ramsey Clark that there was no conspiracy, is operating on the theory that there was. In California recently, G-men questioned a man who had occupied a room next to Galt in a hotel in the Mexican resort town of Puerto Vallarta last November; the man relates that the FBI considered him a possible courier or "bag man" in the conspiracy. Moreover, Galt has compiled a lengthy arrest record under his true name Ray for such crimes as burglary, armed robbery and forgery, and hardly seems the type who would cross the street for a political killing—unless there was money in it. Interestingly, the FBI has determined that since August 1967, when the Galt identity first materialized, he has spent some $10,000 without having a known source of income.

THUS WE ARE CONFRONTED with the dilemma of an attorney general who insists that there was no conspiracy in either the King or the Kennedy assassination while the evidence reads otherwise. But Clark's credibility has already been opened to question. On the day after Garrison arrested New Orleans trade official Clay Shaw on a charge of conspiring to assassinate Kennedy, Clark informed newsmen that Shaw had been investigated by the FBI in 1963 after the assassination and "found clear"; three months later, in a retraction that received little notice, he conceded that the FBI had not investigated Shaw at all. Then last October, Clark tipped his hand by telling a University of Virginia law forum, "Much as I may hate to do it, I just might have to prosecute Jim Garrison . . . he took a perfectly fine man, Clay Shaw, and ruined him just for personal aggrandizement." Although the Department of Justice has denied that Clark made the threat, Rey Barry, a reporter for the Charlottesville, Virginia, Daily Express who covered the event, has publicly declared that the attorney general spoke precisely those words.

So Clark is determined to squelch any and all conspiracy talk—about either assassination. And J. Edgar Hoover reaffirmed his faith in the Warren Report in 1966 when the wave of criticism broke. But the weight of evidence in each case points to conspiracy.

One parallel that must not be allowed to develop further in the King case is the pattern of cover-up that characterized the Kennedy investigation. For instance, Richard Giesbrecht, a reputable Winnipeg, Canada businessman, reported to the FBI that on February 13, 1954, he overheard two men in the airport restaurant talking about inside details of the assassination. A few weeks later, he contends, the FBI called him back and told him, "Forget what you heard. It's too big." One of the men, says Giesbrecht, was the late David Ferrie, an ex-CIA pilot and central figure in the Garrison probe. Significantly, Giesbrecht is not to be found in the National Archives, nor is his name mentioned in the Warren Report or its volumes. He is one of a number of key witnesses who as far as the official version is concerned never existed.

Some of those who did officially exist claim that their testimony has been altered. Julia Ann Mercer, who saw a man with a rifle get out of a truck parked near the Grassy Knoll an hour and a half before the assassination, alleges that her affidavit as published in the Warren Report volumes is a forgery. She says that she identified Jack Ruby as the driver of the truck the day *before* he killed Oswald, and this has not been included in the forged affidavit. Former Deputy Sheriff Roger Craig, who was on duty in Dealey Plaza at the time of the shooting, contends that his statement has undergone 14 material alterations.

Thus it has become manifest that the Department of Justice (and presumably its master in the White House) is determined to keep the lid on the case and hide the truth. Therefore I would propose the formation of a citizens' committee to bring pressure to bear on the powers-that-be in Washington. The committee would be composed of the foremost critics of the Warren Report, civil rights leaders, forensic science experts and others. Ideally, the Kennedy-King investigation should be undertaken by a joint Senate-House select committee, with its own investigative staff unbeholden to the FBI, the Secret Service and the CIA. But Congress has shown little inclination to take on such a controversial and politically loaded task, and the citizens' committee might serve as an interim force until public opinion compels Congress to act.

It is said that those who do not profit from history are doomed to relive it—and the history of governments contemptuous of the truth is not pleasant to contemplate.

William Turner, for ten years an FBI agent and now a RAMPARTS *Senior Editor, is the author of three books:* The Police Establishment (*Putnam*); Invisible Witness—The New Technology of Crime Investigation (*Bobbs-Merrill*); *and a forthcoming account of New Orleans DA Jim Garrison's investigation of the Kennedy assassination* (*Award Books*).

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The Persecution and Assassination of the Black Panthers as Performed by the Oakland Police under the Direction of Chief Charles R. Gain, Mayor John Reading, et al. —by Gene Marine

[PROLOGUE]

TIME: EVENING, Tuesday, April 23, 1968. Place: The City Council chamber in the Oakland City Hall. Present: The usual few hangers-on, augmented by a sizable audience, black and white, mostly young. Black activist Curtis Lee Baker has just finished suggesting that Oakland authorities should work more closely with militant forces in the Oakland ghetto.

MAYOR JOHN READING: If you expect me to negotiate or meet with the Black Panthers . . . that's the most ridiculous suggestion I've heard.

AUDIENCE (spontaneously): Why? Why? Why?

[ACT I: SACRAMENTO]

EARLY IN 1967, at the instigation of the Oakland police—who, as we shall see, had reasons of their own—California Assemblyman Don Mulford introduced a bill to change the state law which at that time permitted private citizens to carry loaded weapons provided only that they were not concealed (permits were and are required for hand guns but not for rifles or shotguns).

In response to Assemblyman Mulford's bill, a group of lobbyists traveled from the San Francisco Bay Area to the state capitol in Sacramento, bent on urging their representatives to reject the proposed changes. Their approach rather startled staid Sacramento.

For one thing, they were all black. For another, they were uniformly wearing berets and black leather jackets and they stayed together in a body. For still another, they were (except for one or two for whom, because of parole regulations, it would have been illegal) carrying loaded rifles and shotguns.

The group's arrival at the imposingly formal capitol, it can be noted, put the capitol guards, the Sacramento police, Governor Ronald Reagan (past whose corner office the arriving lobbyists had to go) and a number of other people very uptight; but nothing illegal was happening, and the group seemed well-informed as to their rights. Some minor charges were ultimately brought against a few of their group, but they were clearly nothing more than a response to unorthodoxy.

The "armed invasion of the legislature," as the white press called it, didn't affect the gun law changes. It is now illegal in California to carry a loaded weapon inside city limits unless you have reason to believe that your life or property is in danger—an important qualification. However, the lobbyists did succeed in making the nation aware of their organization—the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense—and, as predicted by Panther leader Huey Newton, the incident succeeded in calling attention to the Panthers in their home ghettos.

"Now I'm gonna show you how smart Brother Huey is when he planned Sacramento," Newton's co-founder, Bobby Seale, said recently. "He said, now, the papers gon call us thugs and hoodlums. A lot of people ain't gon know what's happening. But the brothers on the block, who the man's been calling thugs and hoodlums for 400 years, gon say, 'Them some out of sight thugs and hoodlums up there!' The brothers on the block gon say, 'Who *is* these thugs and hoodlums?' In other words, when the man calls us 'nigger' for 400 years with all its derogatory connotations, Huey was smart enough to know that the black people were going to say, 'Well, they've been calling us niggers, thugs and hoodlums for 400 years, that ain't gon hurt *me*, I'm going to check out what these brothers is doing!' "

At the time of the Sacramento trip, Newton's claim of a total membership of 75 (men and women) was probably exaggerated. Today, there are at least 100 male Black Panthers who openly display their membership, and an unknown number of "secret Panthers" whose membership is concealed for job or other reasons. Increasing numbers of black women are deeply involved in the movement as well. An unidentified "intelligence agent" quoted by the San Francisco Chronicle gives the Panthers about 250 members all told.

[INTERMISSION: TEN POINTS AND PATROL CARS]

CHAIRMAN BOBBY SEALE speaks, at length:

"Now, when we first organized the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, Huey said, 'Bobby, we're going to draw up a basic platform . . . that the mothers who struggled hard to raise us, that the fathers who worked hard to feed us, that the young brothers in school who come out of school semi-illiterate, saying and reading broken words, that all of these can read. . . .'

"Huey said, 'First we want freedom, we want power to determine the destiny of our black communities.

" 'No. 2: We want full employment for our people.

" 'No. 3: We want housing fit for shelter of human beings.

" 'No. 4: We want all black men to be exempt from military service.

" 'No. 5: We want decent education for our black people in our communities that teaches us the true nature of this decadent, racist society and that teaches black people and our young black brothers and sisters their place in the society, for if they don't know their place in society and in the world, they can't relate to anything else.

" 'No. 6: We want an end to the robbery by the white racist businessmen of black people in their community.

" 'No. 7: We want an immediate end to police brutality and murder of black people.

" 'No. 8: We want all black men held in city, county, state and federal jails to be released because they have not had a fair trial because they've been tried by all-white juries, and that's just like being tried in Nazi Germany, being a Jew.

" 'No. 9: We want black people when brought to trial to be tried by members of their peer group, and a peer being one who comes from the same economic, social, religious, historical and racial background . . . they would have to choose black people from the black community to sit up on the jury. They would have to choose some of them mothers who have

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been working 20 years in Miss Anne's kitchen, scrubbing floors like my mother has done. They'd have to choose some of them hard working fathers . . . some of those brothers who stand on the block out there wondering where they're going to get a gig. . . .'

"And No. 10: Huey said, let's summarize it: 'We want land, we want bread, we want housing, we want clothing, we want education, we want justice and we want peace.' "

The ten-point program of the Black Panther Party (the words "for Self-Defense" have recently been dropped from the title, to emphasize the organization's identity as a *party* with a platform and a program) has been drawn up in more formal terms, but Seale's version (from a speech last February) is clearer and more precise. The importance of the ten points is twofold: they have existed, as a conscious program, for as long as the Black Panthers have existed; any picture of the Panthers as simply a "militant," get-your-guns group is a serious distortion. And the ten points have been calculatedly obscured in white Oakland's campaign to discredit the Panthers.

For instance: Oakland's police chief, Charles R. Gain, held a press conference on April 25, 1968 solely to blast the Panthers and their white allies. The Panthers, he said, "have no practical or implementable programs as regards the police."

But of course they do. It's just that the programs are not practical for, or implementable by, a white racist political and police leadership. The Panthers have suggested, for example, that the ghetto be patrolled by black policemen from the community itself (Mayor Reading calls the suggestion "anarchy," and William Knowland, Neanderthal publisher of the Oakland Tribune, supports his local police, but even the Chronicle's "secret agent" thought it an interesting idea), and Seale says simply that if the cop has to live in the community, "he ain't gonna be brutalizing too much if he have to come back and sleep there that night!"

Huey P. Newton, born in Louisiana in 1942, is the youngest of seven children. His father was a Baptist minister, but since the family moved to Oakland in 1943, the older Newton has become an employee of the Oakland Streets Department.

Huey was a street kid, and like any kid in the ghetto, he learned early to hate cops. "I think it was a general thing of being anti-police," he says now, "because the police were very brutal to us even at that age. There would be a policeman in the movie house, and if there was any disturbance we would get kicked out and the police would call us niggers."

Newton eventually managed to graduate from Berkeley High. His counselors told him to get a job because he couldn't make it in college, and the suggestion made him mad enough to enroll in San Francisco Law School. After a year, he transferred to Merritt College—which is Oakland's city college, located on the edge of the North Oakland ghetto.

During his time at college, Newton never completely stayed off the streets, and like most of his contemporaries he was occasionally arrested. In 1964, he was finally convicted of assault and sent to the county jail for a year. In jail he found himself organizing the black prisoners in food strikes and other demonstrations, which earned him lengthy stays in the "soul breakers"—the solitary confinement cells. It gave him, he says now, time to think "about the relationship between being outside of jail and being in."

Newton got out of jail and looked up Bobby Seale, who had been with him at Merritt. With a few friends they decided to form a revolutionary party dedicated to black ghetto needs. They borrowed the symbol of the black panther from the Lowndes County Freedom Organization in Alabama because, Newton says, "It is not in the panther's nature to attack anyone first, but when he is attacked and backed into a corner, he will respond viciously."

Political power, Mao Tse-tung once said, comes through the barrel of a gun, and the Black Panthers have picked up that slogan. Their early organizational efforts depended heavily on their willingness to carry guns (and the credibility of their expressed willingness to use them), and while their actual carrying of guns has been de-emphasized, the rhetoric remains, frightening white citizens but arousing admiration among blacks. And of course they scared the hell out of the white cops.

The Panthers began to patrol the ghetto by car, with loaded shotguns prominently displayed. They were simply and openly policing the police. Whenever the cops would stop a black man, the Panthers would get out of their car to observe the operation. If an arrest seemed to be imminent they would advise the arrestee of his rights.

In return, the Panthers were constantly "hemmed in" by the police—who watched for every minor traffic violation, arrested known Panthers as suspects in robberies and other crimes and then released them after the maximum holding time, issued private threats and made their racism and hatred quite clear. But the incidents of brutality and harassment, the flow of obscene remarks to black women, the idle stopping and searching of black men, did, in fact, dwindle.

The arbitrary manner of some Panther leaders, their beret-and-jacket uniform, their clenched-fist salute, their penchant for grandiose titles and executive orders and some serious doubts about how many of the dozens of rank-and-file Panthers understand (or give a damn about) the subtleties of Fanon or even Guevara—all these things have led critics to charges of demagoguery and "black fascism." Still other critics point out that the Panthers are not the only ghetto organization in Oakland, not even the only militant one, and that their "organizational" successes are not that impressive.

But if, by white (and most black) standards, there is grotesquerie about the Black Panthers (and it can even be argued that it comes in part from their adoption of *white* standards of "militant" behavior), it only reflects the weird distortions of the culture against which they rebel. If they are a threat, even a danger, to quieter or nobler values—and they probably are—they are nowhere near as threatening nor as dangerous as the cops who are their sworn enemies.

The Black Panthers *talk* a lot of violence, and they have made their talk credible (there has been some actual strong-arm stuff within the black community). Beyond that, Newton and Seale have genuinely tried to build a revolutionary party, and Newton has even said that one possibility for the beginning of revolutionary action might be the selective killing of policemen. But he and the other Panthers have also said over and over again that no such activity is intended now or in the immediate future.

What the Panthers do advocate, in Bobby Seale's words, is active self-defense against aggression: "I'm saying every black brother put a shotgun in your home. That's necessary."

Police in San Francisco and Berkeley as well as those in Oakland have repeatedly burst into black homes with neither cause nor warrant, to harass the residents. In response to this

Kathleen Cleaver by Jeffrey Blankfort

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with his hands in the air. Under questioning, Heanes said that he did not at any time see a weapon in Huey Newton's hand. But somebody certainly did some shooting, because Frey died and Heanes was wounded. Newton and his companion left on foot, but a short time later a car pulled up at Kaiser Hospital in Oakland, and Newton, seriously wounded, requested treatment. He was arrested and charged with murder.

A black Oaklander testified before the Grand Jury that the wounded Newton had hailed his car and forced him at gunpoint to drive to Kaiser Hospital. According to the minutes, the motorist testified, "When he got in my car he told me, 'I just shot two dudes.' "

On the other hand, Newton's attorney claims to have evidence demonstrating that "Mr. Newton is absolutely innocent of any crime whatsoever." He and other close associates of Newton refuse to elaborate, for a very good legal reason: they want to give the Oakland police no opportunity to fabricate a story in advance of the trial, to meet the information now in the hands of the defense.

What ought to disturb white Oaklanders, but apparently doesn't—they are so busy being disturbed about black men having guns in the first place—is that the activities and the reputation of the Oakland police are such that, should it be proven that Huey Newton did shoot Frey and that he did so in clear self-defense, it would surprise absolutely nobody in the black community and very few whites who have actually seen the Oakland police in action.

Newton arrived at Kaiser Hospital with four bullet holes in his abdomen and one in his thigh (a condition which by May, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, had improved to where his "belly" was "dimpled by a police bullet"). The hospital refused to treat him until the police arrived, and then, when they did treat him, allowed the cops to shackle him to an operating table. Although he was shouting in pain for the doctors to ease the shackles, the doctor treating him told him to shut up. He insists that at least one cop hit him in his wounded abdomen with a night stick and that several beat him on the wrists and elsewhere until he passed out from the pain.

Later, when he was in a hospital room being fed intravenously, police guards told him that they were going to cut the tubes. One pointed a loaded shotgun at his head and announced that he was going to kill him and report that he had tried to escape; then the policeman lowered his gun and said he wouldn't shoot Newton because he was going to die in the gas chamber anyway. It was a common practice for the police guards to kick the foot of the bed to jar Newton's wound open and to start it bleeding under the bandage.

Eventually, Newton was taken to the state prison at San Quentin (for "safekeeping"), where the medical treatment continued and the treatment by guards was a little less blatantly brutal. But shortly thereafter, he was moved to his present location in the Alameda County Jail.

His attorneys and some other supporters have argued that Newton is confined illegally, no matter what happened on October 28, because he is in prison on a charge brought by an illegally constituted Grand Jury—illegal first of all because the poor (and particularly poor blacks) are excluded, and illegal also because the Grand Jury proceeding (unlike a preliminary hearing before a judge, which the Grand Jury process supplants) does not allow for cross-examination of witnesses and proper legal representation. The California Supreme Court, highest in the state, has rejected both arguments, but the fight is going on in federal court.

[INTERMISSION: "FREE HUEY!"]

EVEN A WHITE RADICAL from Berkeley has to be pretty radical to give unqualified support to a movement which demands simply that "Huey must be set free now." Still, there are "Free Huey!" bumper strips all over the Bay Area and there were 2000 people, black and white, at a recent Oakland rally. And—while a lot of people are adopting the slogan and the cause for their own political reasons—there are a surprising number of people who will genuinely argue that Huey must, indeed, be set free now.

This is a strange attitude toward a man who, whatever his provocation, is accused of shooting down a policeman in an incident about which no one has any details. How can you ask for his freedom when you don't know what happened?

The answer lies in the nature of what the Black Panther Party has become—and in breaking through the sometimes sympathetic but still racist concept that the Panthers are "militants" who hate white men. They are certainly "militant" —militant enough to have named Stokely Carmichael as Prime Minister (not of their party, but of Afro-America), and H. Rap Brown as minister of Justice (Seale is the party's chairman; Newton is minister of Defense; Eldridge Cleaver of the RAMPARTS staff is minister of Information). But they have made clear a number of times that they are not racist. Seale says, "That's the Ku Klux Klan's game. To hate me and murder me because of the color of my skin."

The necessary concept—best articulated for the Panthers by Eldridge Cleaver, whose theoretical and programmatic approach to ghetto problems has been invaluable to the Panthers—is that of white America as a mother country in which black America is a colony. "I think you really have to get that distinction clear in your mind," Cleaver says, "in order to understand that there are two different sets of political dynamics functioning in this country."

But if white America is the mother country and black America is the colony, then the white police of Oakland are not police at all but occupation troops. And if they are occupation troops, then the question of Newton's guilt or innocence according to white law is really irrelevant: he is a political prisoner charged with defending the integrity of his people, whatever the charge may be called by the colonial power.

"Free Huey," then, is not a call for abandonment of due process or for anarchy; it is analogous, rather, to a 1961 insistence that the French free an Algerian rebel leader. That doesn't mean, of course, that some aren't shouting "Free Huey" for their own purposes, or merely out of frustration in the face of arbitrary police power, or even because that happens to be what "revolutionaries" are shouting this week.

At the end of 1967, when the Peace and Freedom Party was faltering in its efforts to get enough signatures to put it on the California ballot, an alliance with the Black Panther Party was proposed and accepted. The Panthers joined in the registration campaign, and the PFP made the ballot. Newton is now the PFP candidate for Congress in the same district in which Robert Scheer made his well-known bid two years ago, Eldridge Cleaver is a candidate for President, and Seale is a candidate for the state Assembly.

Bobby Seale by Jeffrey Blankfort

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A lot of black militants didn't like the alliance. Cleaver describes a trip to Los Angeles on which he accompanied Seale and others: "We were put through a lot of changes by black cats who didn't relate to the Peace and Freedom Party. They told us rather frankly that we had become tools of the white racists." But it's not so, says Cleaver: "We approached this whole thing from the point of view of international relations. We feel that our coalition is part of our foreign policy...."

Given that point of view, of course, it doesn't matter whether some PFP leaders may, in fact, be trying to "use" the alliance. That's in the nature of foreign relations. More idealistic (or romantic) revolutionaries are less concerned about the alliance itself than about the Panther leaders who are making the revolution not by sabotaging the mother country, but by running for Congress and the state legislature.

While blacks were getting up-tight about the PFP alliance, some whites were getting up-tight about a "merger" between the Panthers and SNCC. Cleaver explains this by describing SNCC as "composed virtually of black hippies, you might say, of black college students who have dropped out of the black middle class." The Panthers can "move the black brother on the block," and SNCC couldn't; but SNCC has a national apparatus and national contacts.

With Newton in jail, Cleaver moved more and more into the role of theoretician for the Panthers; and more and more, the Oakland cops determined that he and Seale should be the next to go. But in the meantime, the coalition has continued to grow between the Panthers and the Bay Area's white radicals. The PFP, says Chief Gain, "endeavors to create chaos and anarchy in this city by their unlawful demonstrations, parades and other activities."

[ACT III: THE CONSPIRACY OF BOBBY SEALE]

WHEN NECESSARY, THE POLICE departments of nearby cities are willing and ready to lend Oakland a hand. Until his recent arrest, Eldridge Cleaver lived on Oak Street in San Francisco. At 3:30 in the morning on January 16, Eldridge and Kathleen Cleaver and artist Emory Douglas heard someone banging on their door. San Francisco police, without an arrest or search warrant and on no apparent provocation, demanded entry. Cleaver refused. The cops kicked in the door, barged in with drawn guns, and growling obscenities, proceeded to search the apartment. They found nothing—there being nothing to find—and left.

A little over a month later, four persons leaving the Berkeley apartment of Bobby Seale were stopped and their car searched on the flimsy grounds that (according to police) a citizen had heard someone in the apartment talking about killing. The cops found guns in the car, and after taking the four away went to the Seale apartment and knocked on the door. Seale and his wife, Artie, asked through the door what they wanted.

Although the police later testified that they had fully intended to arrest Seale for conspiracy to commit murder, they told the Seales only that there had been a disturbance in the neighborhood and that they wanted to talk about it. Seale told them to go talk to the landlord and eventually opened the door in order to accompany them to the landlord's office. Entering with drawn guns, they pushed him aside and against the wall. A Sergeant Hewitt aimed a shotgun at Seale's head and held it there while other policemen searched him. Still another cop pushed Mrs. Seale against the far wall.

Details of exactly what happened are not quite clear, but it's interesting that both police and defense agree on one thing: Seale's reaction to the cops' bursting in was to shout, "Don't kill my wife! Don't kill my wife!" He and all the other Panthers genuinely believe that their lives are in danger whenever they're alone with armed policemen.

The cops searched Seale's apartment and found two guns. The conspiracy charges were ultimately dropped, and the six—Mr. and Mrs. Seale and the four friends—were charged with illegal weapons possession. The charge itself awaits trial while Seale's attorney appeals a local judge's ruling that there was reasonable cause to enter and search.

The momentum of the Newton case has brought financial as well as other help to the Panthers, and the cops are obviously determined to force the Panthers to use up the Huey Newton Defense Fund in bailing each other out of jail.

As recently as April 3, 1968, when the Panthers were holding a meeting in St. Augustine's Church in Oakland, the Oakland cops—again without a warrant and without cause, admission having been refused by the pastor who is not a Panther—burst into the meeting with guns drawn and conducted a quick, illegal and fruitless search.

And three days later, they committed murder.

[INTERMISSION: HERB WONG AND THE STREET LIGHT]

JAZZ *aficionados* ON THE EAST COAST, in Los Angeles and in other benighted places are probably aware that the Woody Herman arrangement, "Dr. Wong's Bag," is named for the Herb Wong whose liner notes are sometimes found on Herman LPs. They may even have noticed in the small print that Wong is a disc jockey on KJAZ in the Bay Area. What they probably don't know is that in "real life" Herb Wong is the principal of Washington School, an elementary school in the Oakland ghetto.

Not very long ago, Herb discovered that a group of his seven- and eight-year-old male pupils had a gang called "the Black Panthers" whose object seemed to be to beat up other pupils. After a little conversation, he found that the kids were trying to emulate the *real* Black Panthers—but that their image came almost entirely from white television and newspaper coverage. Wong did the sensible thing—he invited a group of grown-up Black Panthers to the school.

Rene Shepard of San Francisco and some other Panthers turned up and explained to the kids that they were in the wrong bag. They urged the black pupils to cool it and pay attention in school, so that they could grow up educated and therefore better able to provide leadership for their brothers. They told them not to hate whites, but to learn to work with them and to explain to them how it is in the ghetto. And they warned them against violence.

That image of the Panthers is not the one that the Oakland cops like to disseminate.

The Panthers had been around Washington School before—a few months earlier when, in conjunction with some Office of Economic Opportunity types, they decided to do something about the corner of Market and 55th Streets. During the previous two years, three Washington School pupils had been killed at that corner. The Panthers went to work to get a street light. Refused at first, they announced that henceforth they

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would direct traffic at 55th and Market. That announcement and a petition brought word that the light would be put up—sometime in late 1968. The Panthers said no dice—now, not months from now. The light is up and in place.

A street light and a school visit do not, of course, turn the Black Panther Party into a black Kiwanis Club with shotguns. Nor are a street light and school visit evidence of some revolutionary strategy. The Panthers are often inconsistent; and beyond that the Panthers are *people*—some of them uneducated or confused or uncomfortable with abstractions, some of them fascinated with attention and with their own importance. Some don't know any more about Western civilization than the rest of us know about the T'ang Dynasty, and more than a few have never been further from Oakland than nearby San Quentin.

But if street kids don't make the best Kiwanians, neither do shotguns make a gang of trigger-happy ambushers. The importance of Shepard's visit to Herb Wong is that the press, which takes its information from the cops, offers a picture of the Panthers that includes only the clenched fists and the guns—so that the comfortable, middle-class Grand Juries are all too ready to believe whatever they're told. (The San Francisco Chronicle made an effort to present the stories of independent witnesses to Bobby Hutton's murder—six weeks after the indictment.) They don't hear about the school, or the street light, or the Panthers' activity in *stopping* uncoordinated violence in the ghetto.

"Don't sit down," Seale had told a crowd two months before, "and let a spontaneous riot happen in the streets where we get corralled and a lot of us are shot up." It was the cops who wanted a riot in Oakland, and the Panthers weren't about to give them one if they could help it.

As it happened, they couldn't help it.

[ACT IV: THE MURDER OF BOBBY HUTTON]

THE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED on the night of April 6 is finally coming out, a little at a time. A lot has to remain shrouded for the same legal reasons that operate in the case of Huey Newton: if the cops know what the Panthers can prove, they can move to offset it. Indeed, they are trying already.

Eight Panthers were arrested on that night, and a ninth, Bobby Hutton, was killed. Three policemen were slightly wounded, and two of the eight Panthers, Eldridge Cleaver and Warren William Wells, were shot by the police. Seven of the eight have been indicted by a Grand Jury for attempted murder (the eighth is similarly charged but is a juvenile).

Newspapers in the Bay Area have run long excerpts from the Grand Jury proceedings, but there are some things to be kept in mind. First, none of the Panthers (on the advice of their attorney) testified; they would have had to go into the Grand Jury room unrepresented by their attorney and there is no possibility in a Grand Jury proceeding of cross-examination. The preliminary hearings to which the defendants would otherwise have been entitled were postponed, at the district attorney's insistence and over the Panthers' attorney's objections, until after the Grand Jury proceeding. And once the Grand Jury has indicted, no preliminary hearing is necessary.

All that exists in the record so far, then, is the testimony of some policemen and statements taken from five of the Panthers on the night of their arrest. What the press did not note, however—and the information was available to them—is that all five, in affidavits filed with a federal court, have repudiated their statements as having been made under duress.

The incident began when a group of Panthers gathered in Oakland that night (two days after King's assassination) and left their meeting place in three cars. There were guns in the group, but no one knows or is saying who had them. Eldridge Cleaver says that the excursion was to collect potatoes for making potato salad—the Panthers were planning a picnic for the following day. (Cleaver was talking to, and probably shucking, a white reporter.) Other Panthers told police (in the statements since repudiated) that they started out on a patrol.

The police version is that two officers, Nolan Darnell and Richard Jensen, saw a man crouching behind a car, got out to investigate and were shotgunned from behind in a deliberate Panther ambush. They called for help and were ultimately joined by at least 50 officers from Oakland and Emeryville (a separately incorporated, wholly surrounded community in the northern part of Oakland, largely industrial). After a running gun battle—police estimate that they fired 1000 rounds of ammunition—the eight were captured and Hutton was killed. More Panthers, the police claim, got away.

Aside from the extreme unlikeliness of the story itself—the Panthers had been trying for hours to prevent activity in the ghetto and would certainly not have risked Cleaver, the cops' prime target along with Seale, on such a petty operation as the ambush of two patrolmen, even had they had such an ambush in mind—there are some gaps in the police story. Sergeant Roy Hooper, for instance, testified that he was one of the first to arrive in response to Darnell's call for help—but that when he first got out of his car, he joined an Emeryville officer already on the scene. Since special arrangements would have been necessary for police from another community to be present, the testimony hints at either inaccuracy or some sort of advance preparation.

In any case, it's certainly true that there was a shooting match, and in view of their past performances it's entirely likely that the Oakland police started it. Whatever happened, the cops certainly didn't act as though they were after a couple of bad guys in an otherwise respectable neighborhood; their attitude toward the ghetto was evident in every action they took.

There was, for instance, a radio report—police now say they don't know who was reporting—that a policeman was being fired on by "automatic weapons" from a house at 1206 28th Street. Police promptly opened up on 1206 28th Street—from which, in fact, no shots had come at all. In the house were three sisters—Victoria Battiste, seventy-five, Melvina Jones, seventy-seven and Ophelia Jones, eighty-two. "I was in bed when the shooting started," Mrs. Battiste says, "and I got up and put on my robe. One bullet hit just over my bed." After the barrage, the cops broke in to find no one but the three old women. Nobody apologized.

Two doors up the street, the cops broke into the home of twenty-five-year-old Justice Williams and ordered him and his father to lie down on the floor with their hands behind their heads. There were no Panthers in that house either. Elsewhere on the block, people say that when the shooting started they ran to crouch in their bathtubs for protection—a trick you don't learn in a white middle-class suburb.

Warren Wells was shot in the left buttock, the bullet going

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down into his left knee; the bullet was still there two weeks later. When they took him to Highland Hospital, Wells' pregnant wife asked to see him but was refused. Instead, he was visited by Sergeant Norman L. Stevenson and another policeman, who said he could see her only when he had made a statement to their satisfaction. Stevenson insisted, according to Wells, that "my lawyer was interested only in helping Eldridge Cleaver and not in helping me, because Cleaver's case would bring all the publicity."

Wells was told that Cleaver had made a statement identifying Wells as one of those who had fired a gun (Cleaver made no statement): "They said not to worry because they knew that the reason that Eldridge Cleaver said that I had shot a gun was because he was the person who had done the shooting and instigated the incident, but that he wanted to drag someone else in with him. . . . They told me that if I did not cooperate with them and give them the statement that they wanted, that they had the power to see that Eldridge Cleaver and I would be convicted of the murder of Bobby Hutton."

Wells' wife had already lost one baby under stress; he agreed to sign a statement saying that he had had a gun and had thrown it away, if they would give his wife a pass. He also insists that he was promised nothing but a gun possession charge if he signed the statement—so he did.

His affidavit is typical of the others. Donnell Lankford, David Hilliard, Charles Bursey, Terry Cotton and Wendell Wade have all sworn that they were threatened, promised lower charges and given false information about Eldridge Cleaver—and except for Hilliard they all swore that they testified to phony stories because of the harassment (swore Hilliard of one policeman, "He said I had been looking at television too much if I thought I had a right to call an attorney").

It's obvious that it was Cleaver they wanted. They almost got him when, after the others had been captured, they cornered Cleaver and seventeen-year-old Bobby Hutton in the basement of 1218 28th Street. According to Cleaver, Hutton had a rifle, but under a barrage of bullets and tear gas there was no opportunity to use it even if he had wanted to. The two were huddled behind a strip of concrete when a tear gas canister or grenade hit Cleaver's shoulder and exploded. Hutton ripped Cleaver's clothes off to see whether he was injured—Cleaver already had a bullet wound in his foot—and Cleaver suggested that Hutton also disrobe, to prove they concealed no weapons, so that they might surrender without being killed.

Hutton, however, was too embarrassed to take his clothes off. They called out to the police, and Cleaver took the rifle from Hutton and threw it out into the floodlighted space in front of the house. The two climbed out, Hutton first, both with their arms in the air. Several officers approached and they were told to stand still, then to approach the police cars. Cleaver's wounded foot, however, would not support him and he fell; some of the policemen and Hutton fell with him.

When Hutton rose, Cleaver said, someone yelled to him to run—and when he took a few terrified steps, they shot him.

Now the police say that Hutton actually started to run, or that someone shouted that he had a gun. The idea that, in front of 50 policemen who had already fired 1000 rounds of ammunition (some of it from machine guns), slight Bobby Hutton actually tried to get away by running is almost too ludicrous to credit, and there are witnesses to say the cops are liars. The Grand Jury, however (which may not have known that all the Panthers had repudiated the statements that were presented at the hearing), must have believed it. "We find," they said, "that the police conduct in the death of Robert Hutton was lawful."

[DENOUEMENT]

IF GALLUP POLLS MEAN ANYTHING, most Americans will be unable to believe most of this report. People are willing to believe in an isolated case of brutality, and people with a little education, at least, are willing to concede that cops probably don't know how to behave well in a ghetto.

But few people seem willing to believe that the Black Panthers are opposed to initiating violence in Oakland at this time and that the Oakland police *are* trying to start it. Few seem willing to believe that a metropolitan police force can set out on a systematic pattern of harassment and deliberate false arrest, with most of its members praying for some action by a Panther which will offer a cop an excuse to shoot.

They wanted to kill Eldridge Cleaver; he out-thought them, and they killed Bobby Hutton instead. They wanted to—still want to—kill Huey Newton; not bring him to justice: *kill him*. They would like to kill Bobby Seale and Glenn Stafford and David Hilliard and all the others, and if they can find an excuse they probably will.

Nor did they turn their attention to black militants only when the Panthers appeared. They regularly rousted black organizer Mark Comfort (who once led a picket line protesting discrimination in employment at William Knowland's Oakland Tribune), and ultimately brought a concealed weapons charge against Comfort that witnesses insisted was phony. Only because the Panthers' publicity was so widespread and their anti-police rhetoric so strong (the cops are invariably "pigs" to the Panthers) did the cops' normal bigotry escalate to a systematic vendetta.

But because the Oakland police are so bad, they make it easy to overlook the fact that the cops in other American cities (who may be less crude) are just as racist. Confronted with a movement like the Black Panther Party—a group which, whatever its revolutionary doctrines, is determined to fight for its community and to defy the white police force as the occupation army it is—every metropolitan police force in the country will react the same way.

The Panthers have asked a federal court to take note of the systematic harassment in Oakland and to forbid the trials, whose "fairness" even by white definitions is impossible (an odd course for revolutionaries). The chances are that the court will open no such Pandora's box, and it is certain that local newspapers and television stations will conduct no impartial investigation of the cops' vendetta against the Panthers.

The chances are, in fact, that Huey Newton will wind up in the gas chamber, and that Eldridge Cleaver—who is charged with three counts of attempted murder and three counts of assault, on which he could be sentenced to serve time consecutively after he finishes the time due for his alleged parole violation—will be railroaded into jail for the next 30 or 40 years (at thirty-two, he has already spent nine years of his life in prison). And the chances are, too, that the cops will go on, steadily and inexorably, trying to bust, and if necessary kill, every Panther in Oakland.

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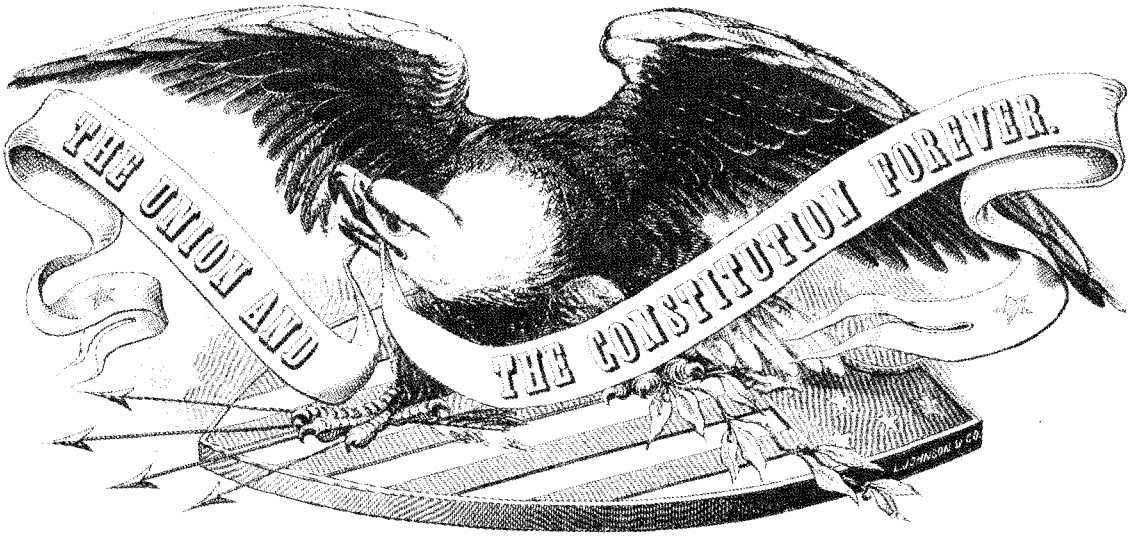

"...some effective means
must be found
to stop
the communists
from breaking
their promises..."

–WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST JR.

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Yalta, 1945

Revisionist Tales of Negotiations with the Communists

DIPLOMACY—TO REVISE AN OLD SAYING—is only the continuation of war by other means. Far from providing a machinery to resolve conflicts in any final sense, negotiations can be seen at best as attempts to register and define a new status quo which, it is hoped, will provide a more stable (and peaceful) framework for contending forces. In the midst of a global revolutionary epoch like the present one, where the overarching framework of international politics is a Cold War, no status quo is ultimately stable, and hence negotiations more than ever appear as attempts to win at the conference table the war aims that have been foregone on the battlefield. At the very least the contending parties hope to use the compromise formula arrived at through negotiations as a vantage point from which to launch the next phase of the continuing struggle. This accounts for the trail of broken agreements that litter the field of contemporary diplomatic history. For when one party to an agreement feels the balance of power shifting in its favor—whether in the local or global sphere—it will be sorely tempted to abandon the old framework and to seek by force to fashion a new, more favorable, status quo.

Now, once again, America's cold warriors are sitting down with the communists to attempt to move a conflict off the battleground of open warfare and onto the plane of diplomatic negotiation. Once again, moreover, a large segment of the American press is running through its orthodox version of Cold War history to discredit the negotiations: the "record" shows that you can't trust the communists (look at Yalta); that the Reds are devious and dilatory (look at Korea); and that they will never keep their word (look at the Geneva Accords on Vietnam and Laos). One might well ask why U.S. statesmen (always pictured as implausibly noble, forbearing and mild—even the Johnson administration has been unable to mar that image) bother to come to these meetings in the first place. Averell Harriman, in particular, should know better—he has been to so many of them.

But there is another history which, in the wake of the devastation of Vietnam, Americans are slowly beginning to perceive. This history shows that America, like any nation, negotiates to maintain the aims and posture of its overall strategy, and that, as an expansionist power which has risen to unprecedented heights of global predominance in the postwar years, America itself has shown very little compunction about the international agreements and norms which it has found necessary to trample in its path.

[I. THE YALTA ACCORDS AND THE COLD WAR]

TAKE YALTA FOR EXAMPLE. In February 1945, three months before the end of the war in Europe, Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin met in the Crimea to work out a formula for the postwar peace settlement.

According to the orthodox version, a naive (or weary, depending on the politics of the reporter) Roosevelt let the Russians hoodwink him into believing that they would set up democratic and independent states in Eastern Europe where most of the liberation from Nazi rule had been accomplished by the Red Army. Even as the ink was drying on the Yalta declarations (which promised democracy and free elections to the Europeans) the communists were foisting dictatorships on the free peoples of the area. To check and contain this Russian "expansion" the U.S. proclaimed the Truman Doctrine (1947), launched the Marshall Plan (1947) and organized NATO (1949). And, having learned the hard way at Yalta (and at Potsdam six months later), the U.S. refused on principle even to sit down to talk at the heads-of-state level with the perfidious Kremlin for the next ten years.

However, there is another version of this crucial turning point in history, pioneered by D. F. Fleming, William A. Williams and others, which is more firmly based on the actual course of events. This interpretation pulls the rug from under most of the lessons drawn by the conventional wisdom.

by David Horowitz

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After the First World War, the East European region had been reconstituted by the Western powers as a *cordon sanitaire* to quarantine the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. Most of the countries of East Europe were dictatorships of one form or another, three or four had sided with Nazi Germany during the war, and a good part of the territory of the region had originally been taken from Russia in the wake of its defeat in World War I. Toward the end of 1944, it had become apparent that the Red Army would be the liberating and then occupying force in this corridor through which it had been invaded twice in a generation. In fact Russia eventually did come to occupy the whole region behind the so-called "Iron Curtain"—a term coined by Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels when he denounced the Yalta agreements for giving Russia a sphere of influence in East Europe.

Not the least reason for Russia's presence in East Europe was of course the war strategy of the Western allies, who had avoided opening a second front in Europe until June 1944, two years after it was first promised. Most Americans still don't realize the extent to which the European war was a German-Russian war. As late as 1943, Churchill noted that the Russians were fighting 185 German divisions, while the allies were "playing about" with six.

As the Red Army advanced across East Europe towards Berlin, Churchill realized that given Russia's historical grievances in Eastern Europe, her enormous postwar security and reconstruction requirements and her Great Power ambition, it would be advisable to come to a quick agreement with Stalin and attempt to limit what he would be likely to seek. As Secretary of State Byrnes later said in regard to Yalta, "It was not a question of what we would *let* the Russians do [in occupied East Europe], but what we could *get* them to do."

Also on Churchill's mind was the fact that in several European states on the other side of the Iron Curtain—namely France, Italy and Greece—the Communist Parties had been among the driving forces of the resistance while the conservative upper classes had been fascist or fascist collaborators. As a result, the economic and social chaos of the postwar period posed the threat of a general European revolution. In Greece, which had been part of the British sphere before the war, there was no doubt that the communist-dominated but broadly composed national liberation front would succeed the quisling regime as the government of postwar Greece.

Accordingly, Churchill traveled to Moscow in October 1944, to see if he couldn't negotiate an agreement with the dictator to impose a self-limitation on the gains he would seek in postwar Europe. In immediate terms, Churchill wanted Stalin to sell out his communist allies in Greece, i.e., to turn a blind eye to the forthcoming British intervention there, which was to be launched for the purpose of crushing the forces of the Greek anti-Nazi resistance and installing a pro-British regime. In exchange for this "90 per cent British influence" in Greece the British premier offered the *generalissimo* a 90 per cent influence in Rumania, an 80 per cent influence in Bulgaria, 80 per cent in Hungary and a 60-40 split in Yugoslavia. In fact, because of the presence of the Red Army in East Europe, Churchill was giving up nothing to Stalin. On the other hand he was offering him the assurance that the allies would *not* make an issue of Soviet activities in these countries, an assurance that was not lived up to.

The logic of the deal was apparent to Averell Harriman, who observed these negotiations as FDR's ambassador, and who raised no objections. Indeed, the U.S. was already unilaterally setting up its own preferred government in occupied Italy, and when Churchill shortly afterwards sent his divisions to destroy the Greek NLF and to install a government composed mostly of royalists and fascists, his troops were flown in U.S. planes.

The Yalta agreements, whatever their rhetoric might suggest, ratified a Russian sphere of influence in the Balkans. Thus, the Cold War line about the Russians having broken their agreements at Yalta is just a myth.

Well, not quite a myth. Both parties did agree on democracy and free elections (ironically at Stalin's suggestion) as a formula for the postwar governments, although this was distinctly subordinated to the spheres of influence agreement. Thus, democratic rights were to be denied to fascists and pro-fascist elements—a category which could be stretched to meet a variety of requirements. And Roosevelt vetoed a State Department proposal which would have provided machinery for the West to have a hand in overseeing the elections in Eastern Europe.

For several months the Great Powers adhered to these agreements. The Russians uttered not a word about democracy and free elections when the British smashed the left in Greece, and if there were conflicts over the structure of the U.N. and the composition of the Polish government, they were in some measure resolved on the eve of the Potsdam conference. Then everything changed. On August 6 and 9, 1945, the United States dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and on August 14, Japan surrendered.

America judged that the balance of forces had altered enough to make its move. Four days after the Japanese surrender, Secretary of State Byrnes publicly charged that the elections in Bulgaria were not being conducted democratically; on August 22, Byrnes held a press conference in support of King Michael of Rumania who had just demanded that the Soviet-installed government of Petru Groza resign.

This was a direct slap in the face at the Russians and an open breach of the Moscow-Yalta understandings. The Russians had been given 80 per cent and 90 per cent influence in Bulgaria and Rumania, the latter having sent 26 divisions alongside Hitler's armies to conquer Stalingrad. The Russians responded to Byrnes' charge by pointing to the undemocratic character of the government of Greece, but a debate on free elections with the U.S., whatever the merits of the specific case, was one that the Russians were bound to lose in the long run.

As the American offensive hit its stride, the Russians began to take firmer measures to tighten up their security zone. King Michael was booted out of Rumania; in Hungary, where a free election (as the West conceded) had actually been held in 1945 and the communists had lost, the Russian-backed Hungarian Party began to take long strides toward the creation of a monolithic state.

This whole Cold War development in Eastern Europe, which had previously been full of nationalist and democratic tendencies, was given a dramatic forward thrust in March 1947. On that date President Truman announced in his famous address to Congress that the world was faced with a choice between two ways of life: the democratic (as in fascist Greece and Spain perhaps) and the totalitarian, and that the nations of the world *must* choose between them. It was one of history's most quickly confirmed self-fulfilling prophecies.

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Panmunjom, 1963

[II. THE KOREAN TRUCE TALKS AT PANMUNJOM]

AMONG THE BALEFUL WARNINGS that have gone up from the hawks since the possibility of negotiations in Vietnam became real, no refrain has been more insistent than the cry, "Never again Panmunjom." According to Joseph Alsop, this had, by the fall of 1966, become "something of a watchword among the inner policy-makers of Washington." Recalling that "two more needless years of war" and some 90,000 American casualties (over half the total in Korea) had occurred during the negotiations, Alsop argued that the communists' "sudden offer to talk was really nothing but a trick" to gain time. At least one faction in Washington was not going to fall for that gambit twice.

In fact the situation in Korea was somewhat different from Vietnam; the civil war was polarized along geographical lines and there was no sustained rebellion in the South. Therefore, a truce could be arranged along those same geographical lines, roughly at the 38th parallel, dividing North from South. Actually, a *de facto* cease-fire came into existence in the summer of 1951, as the peace talks began, and it was the United States (the United Nations command under U.S. General Ridgway) which decided to resume hostilities—not the communists.

In the words of the U.N. Command report: "So long as the communists refused to agree to an armistice on this basis [the existing military lines, rather than the 38th parallel] the United Nations Command *was compelled to insist on the continuation of the fighting* . . . so as to compel the enemy to accept an honorable end to the fighting." (My italics.) So much for the communists being the sole source of the delay.

Korea was in the first instance a casualty of the cynical power politics in which the United States and the Soviet Union indulged themselves at the war's end. At Yalta, Potsdam and later in Moscow, without any consultation with the Koreans themselves, the two powers decided to divide the peninsula between them and hold it as a joint trusteeship for five years.

As in Vietnam, the Japanese occupation of Korea had generated a national resistance movement, and on September 6, 1945, a representative assembly of Committees of Preparation for National Independence was held in Seoul and a national government was formed. However, the Koreans were not to be left to determine their own national destiny by the Great Powers which were then entering their country.

In the North the Russians put their weight behind the embryonic Korean government and saw to it that the political complexion of the regime harmonized with their own purposes. In the South, the incoming American military government disregarded the infant Korean Republic entirely, declaring it "irresponsible," and set up its own handpicked "Representative Democratic Council." This council was headed by Syngman Rhee (who had just returned to Korea after a long exile in the U.S.), and it was composed of the most conservative elements in Korea, including quisling elements who had collaborated with the Japanese. Thereafter, two states developed in Korea: one was a radical formation backed by the Russians which carried out a major and very popular land reform in 1946; the other was an extremely conservative regime, backed by the United States, which grew increasingly unstable (two large rebellions occurred in 1948), until in May 1950, "the regime was left tottering by lack of confidence, both in Korea and abroad," as U.S. News & World Report put it.

A month later, on June 25, in a sequence of events which still remains shrouded in mystery, civil war broke out between the two Korean regimes. The State Department version—that the North Koreans launched an unprovoked invasion of the South on orders from the Kremlin—was brilliantly and devastatingly challenged in a 1952 book by I.F. Stone, *The Hidden History of the Korean War* (Monthly Review Press). Stone's arguments have never been answered.

On June 26, the liberal Manchester Guardian noted that the incident was one of a "classic" type that endangers world peace when the world is divided into two camps. "The procedure for dealing with it is . . . familiar from past experience. The objectives are the cessation of hostilities, withdrawal of troops and, above all, *the exclusion of the Great Powers from the conflict*." (Emphasis added.) Fortunately, as the Guardian pointed out, "neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has any direct military commitment to take part in the defense of either North or South Korea."

The Guardian was referring to the fact that six months earlier, Secretary of State Acheson had publicly defined the U.S. defense perimeter in Asia as *excluding* South Korea. Yet on June 27, two days after fighting broke out—and without the necessary authorization from Congress—President Truman ordered United States air and sea forces into the battle. The Korean "police action" had begun.

After reeling backwards to the tip of the Korean peninsula, the United States-led forces themselves crossed the 38th parallel to the North. At this point negotiations were suggested to end the conflict and provide a buffer zone between Manchuria (the vital industrial heartland of China) and Korea. However, the day the Chinese delegates arrived at the U.N. in New York to discuss the proposal, MacArthur launched a massive attack toward the Chinese border. MacArthur's calculated provocation brought the Chinese Army into the war, and the opposing forces moved southwards to hover around the 38th parallel and what was to become the final armistice line.

When the sides actually got together to negotiate, the two substantive issues initially dividing them were the agenda and the demarcation line. As already noted, the United States was adamant on the latter issue, resuming attacks until the communists yielded and agreed to accept the American demand to ratify the territorial gains made through force of arms. A further consequence of the communist concession was that the line between the two sides would be assured a far more permanent

Wide World

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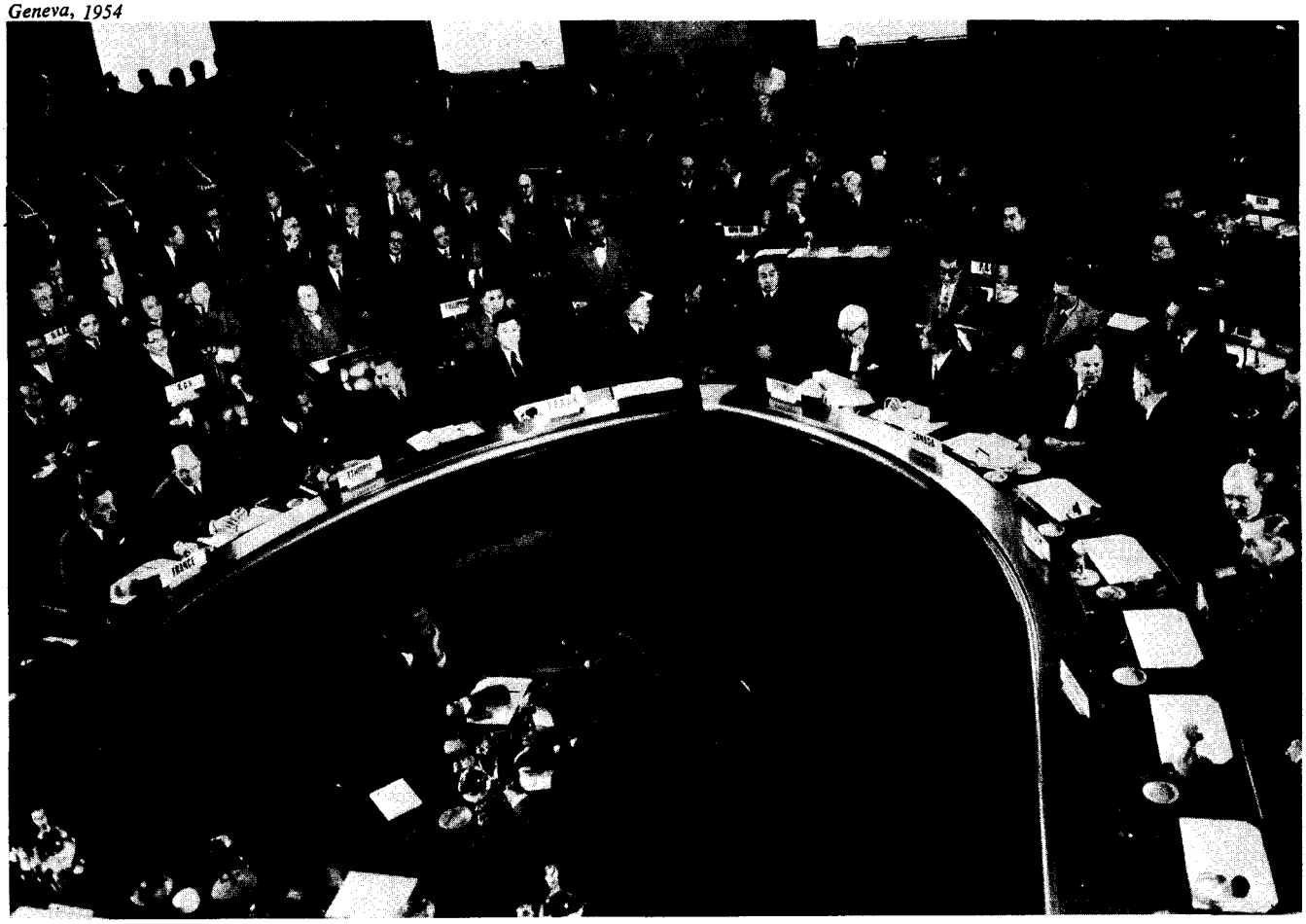
status than the 38th parallel was originally intended to have.

The agenda issue was of far greater consequence, however. The United States insisted on a strictly military armistice agreement, while the communists wished to include political provisions—in particular the provision that there be a future withdrawal of all foreign troops from Korea. (In fact, while the Chinese have long since withdrawn their troops from North Korea, the American forces remain to this very day in the South.) The communists yielded on this issue as they had on the other. In so doing, they not only abandoned all hope for a swiftly reunited and independent Korea, but they accepted a new U.S. forward military posture, establishing American troops permanently on the Asian mainland within easy striking distance of China.

The communists had conceded these main points by November 23, 1951, but the negotiations were to drag on for another year and a half because of the difficulty of agreeing on a supervisory commission and a procedure for repatriating prisoners of war. That the communists, having yielded on the main points, were stubbornly dilatory on these latter issues, is certain. On the other hand, not only was the embattled Truman administration inclined to be difficult when it came to compromise (this was the period of McCarthy's rise and the soft-on-communism charges), but Syngman Rhee himself was something of an ultra-hawk. At one juncture, his delaying tactics even reached the point of releasing the prisoners who were the subject of the repatriation dispute; when the agreements were finally signed, he denounced them as completely unacceptable, refused to sign them and threatened to use armed force against any neutral supervisory nations which set foot on South Korean territory!

As the Paris negotiations progress, it would be a good idea to "remember Panmunjom" and the Korean War, but not exactly for the reasons the hawks suggest. Instead, remember them for the one million lives that were lost in order that the U.S. might shore up one party to a civil war (a party represented today by the Park dictatorship in South Korea) and establish its first military presence on the Asian mainland.

Geneva, 1954



[III. THE GENEVA ACCORDS ON VIETNAM: 1954]

IF ONE WERE TO SET ABOUT systematically to invent an historical episode to show that the United States in its dealings with the communists has no regard for international agreements and peace settlements and that its official rhetoric about free elections is just so much dust thrown into the eyes of the naive and unwary, one could hardly surpass the actual sequence of events surrounding the Geneva settlement of 1954. These events are well-known and require only the briefest recounting. As the Geneva meeting became a reality, Washington sought by every means possible to obstruct and destroy its work, first by seeking to organize an Anglo-American nuclear attack and military intervention in Vietnam (with a possible thrust against the Chinese), and then by setting up an organizational framework (SEATO) and an on-the-scene instrument (Ngo Dinh Diem) to undermine whatever peace settlement was reached.

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The settlement itself was notable chiefly for the mammoth concessions wrung from the Viet Minh, represented by Pham Van Dong, the present premier of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. The Viet Minh entered the conference with three-quarters of Vietnam under its control; a war-weary, economically drained and thoroughly demoralized France clung to the remainder. However, the Vietnamese were well aware of the possibility of an American intervention and/or nuclear assault on their country, and for this reason, probably as much as any other, they decided to go to the conference table.

In brief, the Viet Minh agreed to a temporary division of the country at the 17th parallel, while internationally supervised free elections were to be organized to decide what regime was to be the legitimate sovereignty in all Vietnam. The United States declared explicitly at Geneva that it would not seek to undermine these agreements and that it was committed to the principle of holding internationally-supervised elections to reunite divided countries like Vietnam. The Viet Minh accordingly laid down its arms in the South, and Washington's agent Ngo Dinh Diem went into action.

With massive American support, Diem moved swiftly to crush all opposition groups, and with the aid of the CIA and Michigan State University [see RAMPARTS, April 1965] he imposed a totalitarian police state on South Vietnam.

In June 1955, one year after the Geneva Conference, Diem announced that he would not honor the Geneva Accords on unification elections. Shortly thereafter, the paymaster of the Diem regime in the person of Secretary of State Dulles gave public support to Diem's pronouncement. With these declarations, the Geneva Accords expired.

[IV. THE NEUTRALIZATION OF LAOS]

THE GENEVA ACCORDS offered no more protection to Laos against American Cold War policies than they had offered to Vietnam. The agreements had included a formula for the neutralization of Laos, which had been the scene of a national guerrilla struggle parallel to that of the Viet Minh's (though less successful). But the United States' decision to undermine the Geneva Accords with respect to Vietnam *ipso facto* determined its policy towards the future neutralist regime in neighboring Laos.

Dulles' objective was to make Laos, like South Vietnam, a protectorate of the newly-organized Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. Unlike Diem, however, Premier Souvanna Phouma could not be counted on to request American military assistance under Article IV of the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty. Indeed, he immediately incurred American displeasure by working systematically to achieve the neutral coalition government that had been intended for his country by the 1954 agreements. However, Souvanna made the error of trying to found his neutralist regime on a vastly expanded Laotian Army built with U.S. aid and including a U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group disguised as a "Programs Evaluation Office." The result was a massive intrusion of U.S. aid ($150 for every inhabitant by the end of 1960, almost double the previous Laotian per capita annual income) which not only wrecked the economy but rendered it completely dependent on U.S. support.

In May 1958, elections were held in which the procommunist Pathet Lao won nine of the 21 seats contested (the full Assembly consisted of 59 members). This kind of free election result was quite unacceptable to the United States, whose ambassador admitted that he had "struggled for 16 months to prevent a coalition." Accordingly, the CIA went into action and set up a Committee for the Defense of the National Interest which was able to defeat Souvanna on a vote of confidence after the U.S. withheld its monthly aid payment. (This episode was reported on July 23, 1958, in a two-inch story in the "authoritative" New York Times which noted that Souvanna had resigned "because he said he had lost faith in the Pathet Lao.")

In May 1959, the new premier, Phoui, attacked the Pathet Lao shortly after he had renounced the Geneva agreements altogether, to the State Department's immense satisfaction. However, the CIA had brought its own man, Phoumi Nosavan, back to Laos from France to head the Committee for the Defense of the National Interest. On December 31, 1959, Phoumi overthrew Phoui. Phoumi then eliminated the Pathet Lao through an election which the New York Times called "orderly," but which was so flagrantly rigged that it offended even his CIA advisors. But this shift in power to a right-wing clique of officers without popular support only resulted in chaos: a counter-coup by "neutralist" paratrooper Captain Kong Le restored Souvanna; in December 1960, the United States again withheld its aid; Phoumi went back to his CIA patrons; and there were two Laotian governments in open warfare (both using U.S. materiel) in the outskirts of the capital city of Vientiane. At first each of the factions (Souvanna's and Phoumi's) had strong support among U.S. officials, but in the end the neutralists were forced to depend on the support of the Pathet Lao, Hanoi, and a Soviet airlift, while Phoumi's men were directing shells onto Vientiane from U.S. positions in Thailand across the river. Just before handing the whole mess over to Kennedy, Eisenhower armed Phoumi with six AT-6 fighter-bombers equipped with rockets and bombs. A direct military confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union had become a real possibility.

Kennedy's first major foreign policy decision was to cut his losses in Laos. He rejected proposals for the direct interposition of American troops after the Joint Chiefs opposed a limited intervention that was not backed by an ultimate commitment to use nuclear power. This meant that he had to struggle back towards the 1954 formulas of neutrality, coalition and the exclusion of foreign troops which the United States had worked so hard to subvert. Simultaneously, however, Kennedy rejected the idea of a renegotiated neutral settlement for South Vietnam, fearing that he would be charged with creating a domino situation, producing one neutral state after another. At first the communists held out for a conference to neutralize South Vietnam as well, but in the end they yielded and the 14 nations reassembled in Geneva to endorse the Laos agreements of July 23, 1962.

With American escalation proceeding full speed next door in Vietnam, the breakdown of the Laos agreements was both inevitable and two-sided. Souvanna himself observed that there would be no peace in Laos until the war was ended.

In April 1963, the fighting in Laos resumed between neutralists and Pathet Lao when the "left-leaning" neutralist Foreign Minister Quinim Pholsena was shot by his "right-leaning" neutralist bodyguard. Washington officials (who had engineered Quinim's fall in 1958) did not appear to be too unhappy at this new threat to the coalition; according to some of them, "The foreign minister was reported to have been using

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his influence in a move to the left, so that a wide rift was opening within the neutralist ranks." (N.Y. Times, April 2, 1963.) Souvanna attempted to restore peace by restoring the coalition; on April 17, 1964, when he finally succeeded in bringing Phoumi and Souphanouvong (leader of the Pathet Lao) to meet him on the Plain of Jars, there were hopes of an early accord to end the civil war. However on April 19, right-wing troops led by Kouprasith Abhay, Phoumi's chief associate in the Vientiane battle of December 1960, seized Vientiane. When the dust settled a month later, Souvanna's neutralist supporters had been "merged" with Phoumi's right-wing factions: the Army was now led by ten generals, of whom nine were right-wing and only one a neutralist.

This sudden and dramatic collapse of Laotian neutralism in May 1964 was followed by renewed fighting over the former neutralist positions on the Plain of Jars and the overt intervention of U.S. Navy jets. When two of these were shot down in early June, USAF F-100's retaliated by shelling the area in what Aviation Week magazine pithily observed to be "the first U.S. offensive military action since Korea." Conflict in Laos had again been internationalized, unilaterally, by the United States, and it is not hard to see why. By 1964, counter-insurgency was failing so badly in South Vietnam that even moderates in the Pentagon were calling for a new strategy of attacks against the guerrillas' alleged line of supply, the Ho Chi Minh Trail. McNamara proposed the exfiltration of South Vietnamese Special Forces into Laos to General Khanh in March 1964; two days later, on March 14, Khanh and Phoumi laid the groundwork for an agreement to station ARVN troops in the Laos panhandle.

One cannot say at this stage whether the Laotian rightists were actually encouraged by their American counterparts to destroy the last chances for a tripartite coalition or whether (as in 1960) they were so emboldened by renewed American support as to go further than their masters had wished. It is clear, however, that Laotian neutralism was no longer compatible with the new expanded strategy evolved by McNamara in 1964 for fighting the Vietnam War—and that when this contradiction became clear, the Geneva agreements of 1962 were as doomed as those which preceded them.

[V. A MONROE DOCTRINE FOR THE WORLD]

When international politics are cast in purely moral terms (as American publicists are prone to do), the results can only be confusing. Thus, the picture presented here of a generally one-sided U.S. subversion of major agreements with the communists would hardly be credible on such a basis. For example, Stalin was certainly ruthless and perfidious enough toward his own Bolshevik comrades in the '30s to have betrayed Yalta ten times over, if the personal morality of rulers actually played such a decisive role in history. To go a step further, many in the early Cold War years who regarded the U.S. under Roosevelt and Truman as infinitely preferable to Soviet society under Stalin thought at the time that that fact alone was a sufficient basis for understanding the breakdown of the Yalta Accords. In the light of recent historical analyses, however, it is evident that nothing could be further from the truth.

The real key to the international puzzle is not moral abstraction, but concrete power and interest. Nations, as John F. Kennedy once remarked, can be counted on to keep those agreements (and *only* those agreements) which it is in their interest to keep. When a nation seems especially prone to undermine agreements it has made, it is, more likely than not, because the nation is powerful and chafes at the idea of having restraints imposed on its freedom of action (the "arrogance of power" in Senator Fulbright's diagnosis). If the nation also has a rapidly expanding sphere of interest, it will in time almost inevitably see itself "forced" to go beyond negotiated limits. Contrariwise, weak powers (and vis a vis the United States, the communist powers—Vietnam in particular—are weak) have a larger stake in preserving those international structures of law which promise to maintain these limits.

Looked at in this perspective, it is evident that the most important East-West agreements since the war, in particular the Yalta and Geneva Accords, were essentially attempts to get the United States to observe some limits to its sphere of influence. But for the entire postwar period, U.S. foreign policy has been launched on a phenomenal course of expansion, with no limit in sight.

As a result, the Monroe Doctrine—laid down unilaterally by the U.S. in 1823 to mark off the Western hemisphere as its preserve—is the one "international" arrangement to which Washington has steadfastly adhered. So long as the United States remained absorbed in its internal expansion westward and was able to operate overseas under the international umbrella of British power, there was no need to go beyond the Doctrine: the U.S. remained "isolationist." But with the break-up of the old colonial empires after the Second World War, all intrinsic constraints to U.S. expansion were removed, and Washington began staking out formal claims to new areas overseas. In order to do this Washington has had to write new versions of the Monroe Doctrine to protect what it defines as its "interests."

Thus the Cold War began with a virtual reiteration of Monroism in the form of a hemispheric defense pact (1945), followed in rapid succession by the Truman Doctrine (1947), the Eisenhower Doctrine (1957) and the Johnson Doctrine (1966), which taken together define the U.S. sphere as the whole world outside the Sino-Soviet bloc, plain and simple.

Never before in history has a power staked out a sphere of influence as extensive as that which the United States has claimed in the postwar period. And never before has the world seen a global police apparatus like the counterinsurgency forces which the U.S. has marshaled in that time.

The Vietnam War represents the attempt of a poor but courageous people to close the door to American expansion in one distant outpost of its new empire. The real question posed by the Paris peace negotiations, therefore, is whether or not the United States is prepared to reconcile itself to such a "withdrawal": whether it will agree to remove from Vietnam its forces and its agents and its bases, and to live up, however belatedly, to its advertised ideals of self-determination and a pluralistic world order.

David Horowitz is the author of The Free World Colossus, *a critique of American foreign policy in the Cold War (Hill & Wang, 1965).*

The author wishes to acknowledge the assistance of Peter Dale Scott in preparing the sections on Korea and Laos.

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Back-of-the-Book

The Metaphysics of Rebellion

ON HERBERT MARCUSE

by Sol Stern

THE REVOLUTIONARY WORKERS of 19th century Europe had Karl Marx to give their rebellions epochal significance. When the improbable student rebellions of West Berlin, Morningside Heights and the Sorbonne broke out this spring, all agreed that Herbert Marcuse was the Marx of the children of the new bourgeoisie.

Every place in the Western world where students are rebelling today, at least some of the more sophisticated of them quote and debate Marcuse. (When students in Rome marched in opposition to their feudal educational institutions recently, some carried banners saying 'Marx, Marcuse and Mao.")

When the students of Columbia University seized their campus, the pop ideologists of the American newsweeklies rotted out a zippy description of Marcuse as one of the "revolutionary gurus" of the students. After the French students had successfully seized the entire Latin Quarter and fought a pitched battle with the police, the left-wing Paris weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur* put Marcuse on its cover as the "Idol of the Student Rebels."

Marcuse was vilified for his pernicious influence on the young—both by the right-wing social democrat, Lionel Abel, in the pages of the New York Times Magazine, and by the French Communist Party's L'Humanité. (L'Humanité called Marcuse's ideas and the student rebels he inspired "laughable." The French communist organ referred to the students as "pseudo-revolutionaries" whose "agitation is contrary to the interests of the majority of the students and encourages fascist provocation.")

Such notoriety comes late in life for a college philosophy professor who will soon be seventy years old. Marcuse is

Herbert Marcuse by Dugald Stermer

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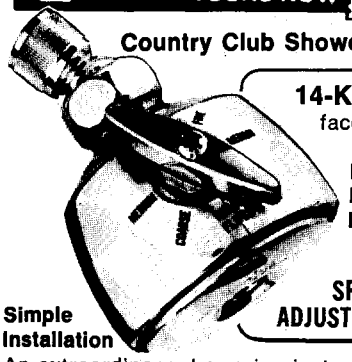

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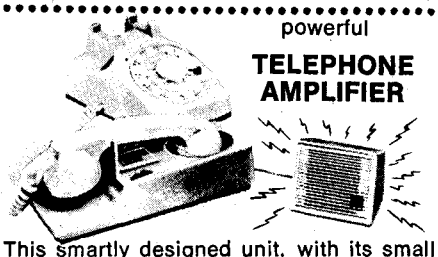

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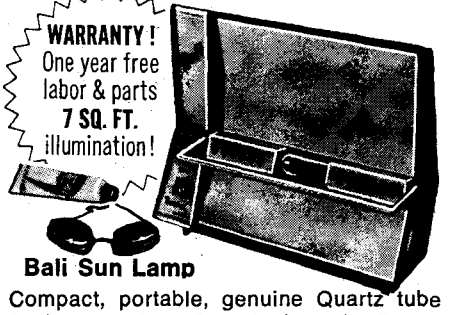

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much embarrassed by the suggestion that he has a Svengali-like influence over the rebellious youth scattered over two different continents. He now teaches at the University of California in San Diego (in John Birch-dominated Orange County), an Arcadian academic setting which is both geographically and spiritually distant from the tumultuous world centers of student conflict. He lectures on the classics of Western political thought among the palm trees, and not far from the sunny beaches where most of his undergraduate students spend their afternoons surfing. Marcuse has the unique talent of making Kant, Hegel and Marx seem relevant to a student body that looks like the cast of one of Hollywood's teen-age beach movies.

In his own youth Marcuse participated in the revolutionary upheavals that swept Germany after the First World War as a member of the Spartacist movement led by the martyred Rosa Luxemburg. He then turned to scholarship, but he never abandoned the libertarian tradition of revolutionary socialism symbolized by the Spartacists. And when Nazism forced him into exile in the United States during the late 1930's, Marcuse maintained that radical tradition throughout his American academic career.

With his great shock of white hair, his charming continental manner and his still thick German accent, Marcuse is a quaint figure on the almost new San Diego campus. His third-floor office in a California modern building opens to an outdoor balcony that looks out over the center of the campus. It is a gathering spot for the coterie of radical graduate students who have followed Marcuse to San Diego. His friend and chairman of the Philosophy Department, Richard Popkin (best known as a Kennedy assassination sleuth and the author of the "Two Oswalds" theory), brought Marcuse to San Diego several years ago after he had been forced into premature retirement at "liberal" Brandeis University.

By the time Marcuse had come to teach at San Diego, most of his major intellectual work was already behind him, yet he was little known outside academic and small underground intellectual circles. It was only later when student rebellion around the world became a serious thing that many people began to think that it might have something to do with the themes in Marcuse's abstruse and academic books.

Today, despite his notoriety, Marcuse remains an essentially academic figure who is very little involved in radical political movements. To those who see him as a tactical "guru" of actions such as the Columbia student rebellion, it may come as a shock to learn that in a recent interview with RAMPARTS he expressed some serious misgivings about the radical students' priorities.

"I don't think that university administrations should be the prime targets," said Marcuse, who was once employed at the Russian Institute of Columbia's School of International Affairs. "I still consider the American university an oasis of free speech and real critical thinking in the society. Any student movement should try to protect this citadel. It should not focus so much on so-called 'free universities' outside the university, but . . . try to radicalize the departments inside the university."

If there is any student movement that Marcuse feels emotionally close to, it is the one in West Germany. He delivered a series of enthusiastically received lectures to the German students last summer and recalls his experiences with them very affectionately. He is a personal friend of their leader, Rudi Dutschke, who was planning to come to the United States on a lecture tour arranged by Marcuse just before he was shot in Berlin two months ago. Of Dutschke, Marcuse said, "I have rarely seen a more humane and less demagogic leader." Marcuse shares with the German students a special and personal awareness of the dangers of Nazism lurking behind the orderly facade of liberal capitalism. "In Germany today," said Marcuse, "the students are the only healthy oppositional element. The German students are the only group you can talk to freely about the Nazi period which is still taboo for everyone else. The students are aware of what happened and don't want it to repeat itself."

THE EMERGENCE OF MARCUSE'S image as the Marx-figure of a "New Left" student international is full of ironies. One is that the students, exhilarated by the possibility of radical change, are celebrating a man whose intellectual work stresses the enormous flexibility and the power to neutralize opposition of the very societies the students oppose. Another irony is that the intellectual tools that Marcuse

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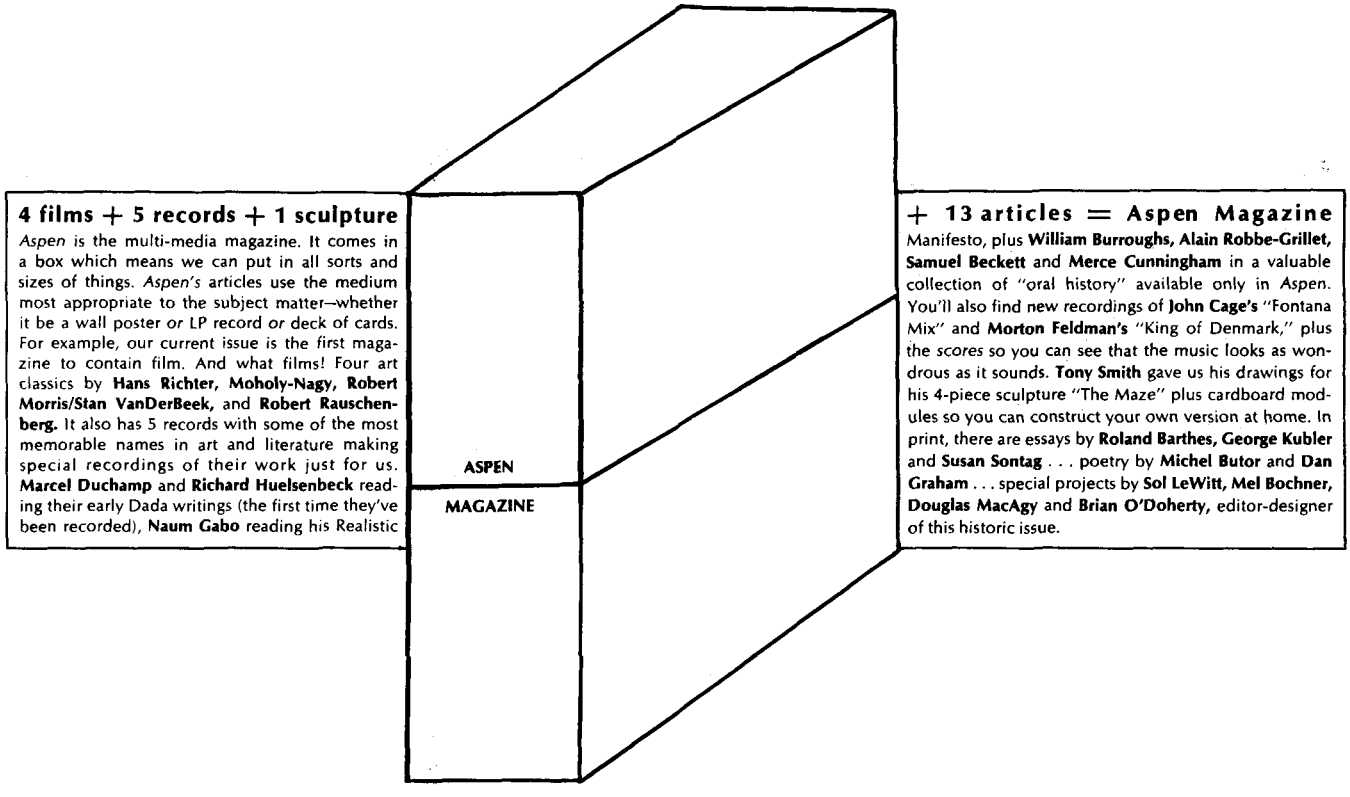
brings to the New Left are distinctly "old left"—the old continental tradition of radical Hegelianism, Marxism and Freudianism.

Marcuse is a culture hero for the young radicals because he has been successful, where others have failed, in shaping that tradition into a radical tool for understanding and criticizing a society that hides its real features through co-option and mystification. The American student radicals, for example, are also indebted to other authors—C. Wright Mills for an understanding of how power is distributed in the society; Paul Goodman for an understanding of the corrosive effects of what passes for democratic education; William A. Williams for exploding the myths of the Cold War. Marcuse's importance for them derives not from any new disclosures about how society works but from his establishment of a radical philosophical perspective capable of withstanding the ideological onslaught in the name of scientific enquiry that young people are subjected to in the universities.



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Marcuse's vision is built on the radical philosophical core of Marx and Freud which, as he sees it, is their juxtaposition of a utopian vision of man in freedom with man in a repressive society. Though both took seriously their callings as scientists, they were also both "utopian" thinkers. To Marcuse, that is not a term of opprobrium but an essential precondition to any scientific understanding of society. One cannot comprehend and analyze present society unless one has a sense of its unrealized "utopian" potential — its alternative models. Freud's utopian (and pessimistic) vision was that of a pre-societal free individual whose natural instincts are everywhere restrained by the necessary repressive apparatus of organized society. Marx's vision is that of post-historical, free man in a society that has mastered its productive forces.

According to Marcuse, revisionist followers of Freud and Marx blunted the radical cutting edge that followed from their utopian insights. The Freudian revisionists, the interpersonal school, took from Freud only that which was most therapeutically useful in adjusting the individual to the given social relationships which surrounded him. Thus purging psychoanalysis of its radical social insights, they turned it into a tool of accommodation within the prevailing society. Similarly, the Marxist revisionists—the social democrats and trade unionists—tried to turn Marxism from a revolutionary rejection of the entire society into a philosophy that called only for an equitable share of the society's products for the working classes. The result is that most reasonable sociologists and political scientists are willing to grant the importance of Marxism at the same time that they use it to validate the ongoing repressive society.

The radical task of social thought today, Marcuse tells his students, the task that has been betrayed by the revisionists and by most of what passes for contemporary social science, is to analyze the post-industrial society, not in terms of a pseudo-science which merely describes it and thus celebrates "what is," but in terms of the unrealized potential and the suppressed alternatives of the society—in terms of the utopian vision of liberated man that stands at the core of Marx and Freud. Radicals should not be ashamed of being utopian, Marcuse told a radical congress in London last year, for it is only by opposing the utopian visions to the political reality of the day that one can fully comprehend that reality and thus hope to change it.

YET IS THERE ANY HOPE of a qualitative change, or is all this revolutionary utopianism just an academic exercise? That is the question that haunts Marcuse's most important and most radical book, *One Dimensional Man*, written in 1964. It is at once a pessimistic assessment of the power of the forces of control and manipulation in the affluent society, and an eloquent manifesto for the necessity of resistance against that power. In broad strokes Marcuse draws a portrait of a society (primarily the American society) which, by using flexible, non-terroristic means, has achieved total coordination of all aspects of social and cultural life. It co-opts all protest, manipulates all dissent and neutralizes all critical thought. It is a society of slaves who are incapable of revolt because they believe they are satisfied and free. Yet it is a society which, in Marcuse's words, "delivers the goods," because of its productivity and enormous technological prowess, and which must be judged successful on its own terms. Thus, to talk of revolt in such a society would indeed appear "utopian" in the foolish sense; there is no pressing physical need for change, no imminent collapse of the established authority (which, on the contrary, gets ever more sophisticated in its methods of control) and no mass base for radicalism. (In Marxist terms, there is no agency for change, since the working class has been fully integrated into the system and enjoys its spoils.)

Yet for all of the society's success, opposition—what Marcuse calls "The Great Refusal"—is incumbent on every civilized man, because the society remains irrational and repressive in its totality. But at his most optimistic Marcuse can count on only a few emancipated intellectuals and students and the one unintegrated force in the society, which Marcuse calls "the substratum of the outcasts and outsiders, the exploited and persecuted of other races and other colors, the unemployed and the unemployable."

Marcuse never says whether the outcast blacks and the Marcusean intelligentsia are capable of forming an alliance or whether such an alliance could even force change. He did, however, elaborate a dialectical defense of the obstructionist and disruptive tactics that these two groups have recently undertaken. That is the mission of Marcuse's recent essay, "Repressive Tolerance." He defends not only that resistance in a democratic society which is based on traditional grounds of conscience, but also that of conscious, even violent disruption, by political minorities.

Examining the liberal dogma of tolerance and the free marketplace of ideas which date back to John Stuart Mill, Marcuse shows that in a rigidly administered and manipulated society these have become myths that only serve to contain opposition. The free marketplace and tolerance presume the possibility that rational alternatives, subversive of the established order, can have a thorough hearing. But since these conditions do not prevail in the post-industrial West, the demands directed toward the rebels for civility and tolerance of established opinion are only demands for acquiescing to the conditions which prevent real rational discussion. To continue to follow only the legitimate means of protest under such conditions, according to Marcuse, actually strengthens the repressive and nonrational forces in the society.

"I believe," says Marcuse at his radical poetic best, "that there is a 'natural right' of resistance for oppressed and overpowered minorities to use extralegal means if the legal ones have proved inadequate. Law and order are always and everywhere the law and order which protect the established hierarchy; it is nonsensical to invoke the absolute authority of this law and this order against those who suffer from it and struggle against it—not for personal advantages and revenge, but for their share of humanity. There is no other judge over them than the constituted authorities, the police and their own conscience. If they use violence, they do not start a new chain of violence but try to break an established one. Since they will be punished, they know the risk, and when they are willing to take it, no third person, and least of all the educator and intellectual, has the right to preach them abstention."

TO SUGGEST THAT MARCUSE is merely the philosopher of the New Left is insufficient. More

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significantly, he has created today's most intellectually appealing defense of all that falls under the heading of "resistance" in our society—not merely the dignified resistance of individual conscience, but those forms of resistance on the campus, in the black ghetto, in front of the Pentagon, which consciously try to disrupt and subvert the prevailing order even, if necessary, to the point of violence. "Repressive Tolerance" is likely to be remembered as a classic of its genre, and one almost imagines scores of college students (the essay is dedicated by Marcuse "to my students at Brandeis University") brandishing the little black book in which it appears as they march to take over a university building or surround a Dow Chemical recruiter.

Yet the greatest testimonial to the relevance of Marcuse is not that the young resisters increasingly read him, but that their own experiences validate his theories. The recent crises at Columbia and at the Sorbonne are illustrations of the validity of Marcuse's major thesis about how the dominant institutions in the society respond to opposition. The students who objected to the university's policies had first used the traditional means of opposition; they found that their protests were easily detoured into safe channels, thus validating the claims for legitimacy of the existing authorities.

Only when the students broke through the phony dialogue by disrupting the ordinary functioning of the university did real alternatives get seriously discussed. The repressive physical force upon which the university's academic order is ultimately based was then forced to bare itself, and the violence as usual came from the constituted authorities in defense of the status quo. The result of the resistance and disruption, the going beyond the legal and normal means of discourse, was not the constriction of freedom that both liberal and communist critics of the students predicted, but rather a liberating expansion of the arena of public discussion so that real alternatives to the consitutional order could be discussed as rational projects.

In the larger sphere of things, resistance, disruption, subversion of the existing order and even violence are justified, not for themselves, not merely for the sake of resisting or of fighting the good fight, but because they break the chain of ordered repression and create more space in the society for genuine consideration of rational alternatives. In Marcuse's words, "In the society at large, the mental space for denial and reflection must first be recreated." If disruptive, illegal resistance can help create some of that space, it justifies itself in the name of that very freedom which our constitutional authority claims as its ideal.

IT IS ONE OF THE tantalizing paradoxes of Marcuse's work that it can be criticized for both its pessimism and its inculcation of an overly optimistic revolutionary romanticism. When *One Dimensional Man* came out in 1964, some of Marcuse's more orthodox Marxist critics suggested that he gave too much credit for successful co-option to the prevailing capitalist system and that he underestimated the importance of the system's recurring contradictions. It was also suggested that he exaggerated the degree to which American society was "delivering the goods"; that he neglected the large sectors of poverty in the United States and also the extent to which American prosperity was dependent on an expanding overseas market.

Today one can say in criticism of Marcuse that his exaltation of opposition is so open-ended that it can be, and sometimes is, used to justify anything done in the name of opposing the given society, from suicidal acts of revolutionary bravado that only invite repression, to the development of authoritarian tendencies in the oppositional forces.

That Marcuse's work can focus such criticism testifies to its relevance. For these are the very concerns that are at the heart of all of critical political speculation. What are the forces holding together the ongoing society? What are the appropriate ways of changing that society and how far may one go in opposition to it?

No one knows better than Marcuse himself that the unresolved issues arising out of his work ought to be the subject of more thought by all those interested in the good society. In his writings he always emphasizes that his ideas are not final and that what he describes are only "tendencies." In talking about these problems with this writer recently, he stressed the enormous changes that had taken place and that had made him more optimistic about the limits of the system since the publication of *One Dimensional*

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Man. Chief among these were the limits imposed upon the American monolith by the Vietnamese resistance, the increasing opposition of America's underclass and the sexual and political rebellion of youth.

He also recognized the dangers inherent in any opposition, acknowledging that there were even "elements of fascism" on the left, particularly singling out for criticism "the masochistic attitude of whites who want to be more black than the blacks themselves." Yet Marcuse always comes back to the essential moral difference between opposition and acquiescence: "There are always frightening signs in radical change. You can't get radical change without being frightened. But always more frightening are the repressive forces."

Marcuse's works are an eloquent rationale for opposition and rebellion against the great bureaucratic technocratic monoliths in both world camps. But they were never meant to be a tactical guide on how to conduct that opposition. Ultimately it is up to those who take Marcuse's message of human liberation seriously to see to it that the forces of opposition do indeed act out the values of liberation and not those of a new repression.

If Marcuse's sociological analysis of the post-industrial society is correct, then the hope for creating revolutionary forces for change in Western society rests on demonstrating to otherwise physically satisfied people the deeper meaning of the repression under which they live. That is what the students of Columbia did when they exposed by their radical action a racist and repressive university; that is what the students of Berlin did when they exposed the manipulative Springer press.

But one must also begin to create in the very act of opposition a countermodel of freedom and rationality. That is what the students of Columbia did when they set up participatory communes in their liberated buildings. That is what the Berlin students did when they stayed up all night in mass meetings to decide what they would do on the streets of Berlin the next day. That is what the radical French students did when they held liberated classes on their campuses. By acting out the utopian values of freedom and rationality these international students of Herbert Marcuse provided the greatest testimonial to his writings.

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BOOKS

Tempos for Troubled Times

WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY. *Personal Reflections on 1968. By Richard H. Rovere. New York: Little, Brown and Company. 116 pp. $4.50.*

"Richard Rovere is worried. In that "personal" style which writers for the New Yorker have brought to a fine art, he arranges before us the anxieties which have, of late, needled his composure. He is not so sure about the war, not so sure about the President, not so sure about the land. From where he sits, the world appears a curiously hostile place, only fitfully engaging his involvement. Where his voice is not deepened with gloom, it is edgy with condescension. Not for the likes of Mr. Rovere are these times fit to live in.

Dwight Macdonald once remarked that writers for the New Yorker have a penchant for a role which allows them to appear as fastidious clucks, men of good will apparently deprived of anything more than the average citizen's bewildered understanding of the world around them. It is a role which Mr. Rovere, long a liberal student of politics, also finds comforting. How else explain a man of such sophistication summing up, with spinsterish unease, the struggle of blacks in this country: "Much of the trouble making in the months and years ahead will be the work of Negroes"? How else interpret his testy defense of democratic institutions: "Things do get done here that don't get done under other systems"? How else evaluate the delicious innocence which can pen a line like "Some Chinese are behaving very strangely of late. . . ."?

Mr. Rovere is the "radical" of the New Yorker. That is, he is delegated to hold up to the readers of the magazine samples of current political activity and to find them repugnant. He wants very much to like his country and to respect its leaders, but he finds he simply can't. The country is saturated with young people who have "developed a new and strange hedonism" and a popular culture "hung up on violence and sadism." The leaders come off no better: "They govern while perpetuating folly." In specting by turns the land, the people the leaders and the culture, Mr. Rovere issues a doleful finding: "These are the worst of American times."

Should there exist any hope, however that certain changes could make the bleakness a bit more bearable, he is quick to say that hope is idle. As for leaving Vietnam, "If we got out tomorrow, the consequences—at least in Asia—would be large and from almost any point of view undesirable." As for the opportunities afforded by the electoral process: "I doubt that in our present situation we could change the policies by changing the men." Even were the war to end some bright day, the forces of reaction would soon close in and there would be a "purge" of all those, young and old, who had once appeased the enemy. "I think," Mr. Rovere sadly intones, "it is all in the making and that it may be worse than the McCarthy years."

Despite all this, we are in New York land, and a strange faith shines through. Mr. Rovere does not wish to appear nihilistic; to be "agonized" is good enough for him. He therefore dismisses from his

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mind the idea that we are a violent or an imperialistic people; he will have nothing to do with the notion that anything in history has prepared us, finally, to take up the campaign in Vietnam. And as for racism, the charge is a silly one. "Tell me," he asks, "where to find a society, in the past or in the present, that was not racist." Mr. Rovere is, in fact, not much interested in the arguments other men have made against the uses of American power, at home and elsewhere. To all such arguments, he protests that "our political instincts are for the most part decent ones."

His interests, it is obvious, lie in his own *feelings* and in his own stylish, distress. Wracked by despair, restored by hope, sickened by events, and made bold by his confidence in the nation, he wants us to believe that his plight is ours and that his confusions have an interest in themselves. Momentarily they do, but ultimately they do not. The questions he so briefly and delicately touches upon are undisturbed by his commentary.

—WILLIAM M. CHACE

LAW

The Oakland Seven

WHILE THE TRIAL of Benjamin Spock *et al.* progresses with all its hoopla, dozens of other prosecutions have quietly begun.

Earlier this year, the Alameda County (California) Grand Jury indicted seven leaders of last October's Stop The Draft Week—a particularly militant and effective anti-war operation. The young men face felony charges of "conspiring to commit two misdemeanors: trespassing and resisting arrest."

Stop the Draft Week (STDW) paralyzed downtown Oakland from Monday, October 16, through Friday, October 20. It began with a peaceful sit-in at the Oakland Induction Center. By Tuesday, 3000 demonstrators were milling about in front of the Center, and the police used Mace—for the first time in a mass demonstration—to disperse them. There were more than 100 injuries that week and 252 arrests.

On Friday some 10,000 demonstrators delayed buses full of inductees for four hours. Police tried to move them on; the demonstrators set up barricades.

District Attorney Frank Coakley explained to the Oakland Tribune: "Technically, 100 or even 1000 of the demonstrators could have been indicted . . . but we . . . don't have enough courts, so we have to take the most militant leaders."

Most of the seven are former students at the University of California at Berkeley. Frank Bardacke, twenty-six, was a political science graduate student until he was suspended for organizing STDW. Terrence Cannon, twenty-eight, is an ex-member of SNCC. Reese Erlich, twenty, was also suspended for STDW (and as a result was elected to the student senate). Steven Hamilton, twenty-three, was a co-founder of the Resistance and had been suspended for political activity in 1966. Robert Mandel, twenty-three, left UC graduate school to become an anti-draft organizer. Jeff Segal, twenty-six, is a national officer of Students for a Democratic Society. Michael J. Smith, twenty-seven, was suspended in 1966 for political activities.

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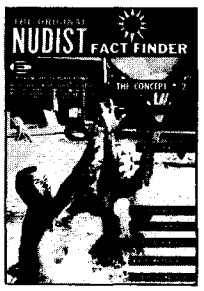

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The city of Oakland has taken up the Justice Department's admonition to "prosecute local draft resisters under local laws." This procedure eases the administrative burden on Washington and conveniently limits publicity.

The trial of the Oakland Seven represents the first test of a political case for the "conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor" law. The DA's office maintains that what the Oakland Seven did—holding meetings to plan an action—is the same type of conspiracy bank robbers are guilty of in plotting a heist.

The legal defense staff for the seven holds that the DA is prosecuting for political, not criminal, activities. They have filed suit in the federal courts to halt the trial, citing a Supreme Court ruling that court prosecution cannot "have a chilling effect on dissent."

The same conspiracy law could be used against any persons even remotely connected with the demonstration. This seems to be Coakley's master plan. He told the grand jury: "If the university allowed facilities to be used by an organization [which] used the facilities for the purpose of planning off-campus activities which were criminal . . . under the law, even university officials who acknowledged that such plannings were going on and permitted the use of those facilities could . . . be involved in the conspiracy and be subject to prosecution."

SCIENCE

Mace: The Methods of Madness

ACROSS THE COUNTRY, canisters of Chemical Mace are swinging from the belts of big-city police. The Institute for Defense Analyses (IDA) which evaluates new weapons for the Pentagon gives it rave notices: ". . . a novel and most promising development in nonlethal weaponry." The Saturday Evening Post has called it: ". . . the most promising device to appear so far . . . that will render a rioter helpless without killing him."

There is one flaw, however: Chemical Mace is almost totally useless to a policeman in a riot situation. Detroit, Newark, Kansas City, Washington—there has been no occasion on which police or National Guardsmen have been able to use Mace to put down a riot. The reason for this abstinence is simple: the maximum range of Mace is 20 feet and the accurate range is much less. Any red-blooded American policeman would have to be foolish to get within Macing distance of a red-blooded American rioter who meant business. The cop prefers to place his faith in rifles, shotguns, armored cars, tear gas and other more stand-offish implements.

The real use of Mace lies not in quell ing riots, but in busting up demonstrations—preferably nonviolent ones—and in subduing a single prisoner when he talks back to a cop. A recipient of this "humane" concoction gets a direct spray in the mouth, nose and eyes. So intense is the instant pain on tender membranes and nerve endings that some victims think they have actually been clubbed in the face. The pain causes an involuntary, convulsive gasp from the victim which draws the gas into the lungs and/or intestinal tract. There is an automatic displacement of oxygen in the lungs and an instant absorption of toxins into the bloodstream and nervous system. The process is so quick the victim seldom has more than enough time to raise his hands to his face before being immobilized.

THE GENERAL ORDNANCE Equipment Corporation (GOEC) of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which manufactures Mace, is not at all anxious to emphasize the distinction between rioters and demonstrators. For riots are where the money is. From May to October 1967, the stock of the Bangor Punta Corp., of which GOEC is a wholly owned subsidiary, rose 63 per cent, while the market as a whole advanced only 2.4 per cent. And the stock showed a very marked surge in the first week of August—precisely the week after Detroit and Newark. This spring, following the murder of Martin Luther King, Bangor Punta stock took another jump of 7-5/8 points.

Bangor Punta used to be the Punta Alegre Sugar Corp., sporting David Rockefeller on its board of directors and operating three huge sugar refineries in prerevolutionary Cuba. When its Cuban holdings were expropriated in 1961, the company went crying to the U.S. Treasury for tax exemption as compensation. In the six virtually *tax-free* years granted them by Uncle Sam, the farsighted company changed its name to Bangor Punta and proceeded to buy up every riot control outfit in sight. Today, in addition to GOEC, Bangor Punta owns Smith & Wesson (guns, handcuffs, night sticks, riot helmets, gas masks), Lake Erie Chemical Corporation (tear gas, tear gas grenades, tear gas launchers), Dominator Corporation (police electronic devices), and the Stephenson Corporation (breath alcohol testing equipment). This gives them a significant chunk of the $2.5 billion a year law enforcement market.

SOON AFTER IT CAME INTO widespread use, it was definitely established that Chemical Mace contained 2-chloroacetophenone (CN tear gas), but it was not explained why it had such an instant immobilizing effect. Independent investigators, most of them doctors, were unable to get cooperation from GOEC to determine the other ingredients of Mace. The Food and Drug Administration, the national watchdog over toxic chemicals, proved equally unhelpful, claiming it was unsure of its jurisdiction. Finally the National Clear-

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ing House for Poison Control Centers, Department of Health and Welfare-Public Health Service, revealed the contents: 2-chloroacetophenone, kerosene and freon propellants account for about five per cent of Mace. The remainder is 1,1,1-trichloroethane, a solvent sometimes known as methyl chloroform.

Any ophthalmologist can tell you that 2-chloroacetophenone (CN) can cause permanent scarring of the cornea which can result in partial or total loss of sight. (The GI's who have gone through gas chambers with no permanent damage were exposed only to limited amounts of vapor—not to liquid.)

But what of 1,1,1-trichloroethane, the main ingredient of this nonlethal weapon? First, although its rate of skin penetration is relatively low, it is "rapidly absorbed through the lungs and gastrointestinal tract." Under "Symptoms and Findings" the Department of Health and Welfare has this to say about the effects of 1,1,1-trichloroethane: "Irritation of eyes, mucous membranes, and lungs. Central nervous system depression. Headache, lassitude, facial flushing, incoordination, confusion, vertigo, anesthesia, severe hypotension, coma. Cardiac arrhythmias [uncontrolled heart fibrillation] due to sensitized myocardium [heart muscle] may occur. Death from respiratory arrest or peripheral vascular collapse. Heavy exposure may cause hepatic [liver] injury."

The known official tests of Mace were conducted on rabbits sprayed from a distance of six feet (outside the laboratory the usual range is three feet or arm's length). Then, six rabbits had drops of Mace placed in their eyes and were checked for two weeks. When the rabbits survived, Mace was turned loose for use on humans. It is interesting to note, however, that when a new medicine is developed to *benefit* human beings it must go through months and sometimes years of extensive testing before it can be given out, and then only under stiff controls. Dr. Lawrence Rose, a San Francisco ophthalmologist, conducted independent tests in March 1968 on three rabbits. Two of them suffered corneal scarring and loss of eyelid hair plus second degree skin burns.

Currently, the only protection from Mace is to smear petroleum jelly on the face with special attention to the eyes, nose and mouth, or to wear a motorcycle helmet with a plastic windshield covering the face. This type of headgear has become increasingly popular with police departments, probably in anticipation of the day that demonstrators carry their own Mace or its homemade equivalent. In those areas where the law prohibits police from drawing their guns unless threatened by lethal force, the use of Mace—advertised as nonlethal and pronounced so by the police—against policemen has some interesting legal implications.

There exists at least *prima facie* cause to ban Mace's use. Some police agencies are already having second thoughts about Mace, and those in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cincinnati and Washington, D.C. have voluntarily restricted or prohibited its use. Because it causes central nervous system depression and confusion at the time of arrest, it could conceivably be banned on the basis of depriving a citizen of his civil rights.

The argument that the police should have everything available to help them because their job is so dangerous is fallacious: IDA statistics show the little-known but very interesting fact that on-the-job fatality rates for farmers are almost twice as high as those for policemen—and a citizen's chances of being killed by a policeman are six times greater than of a policeman being killed by a citizen.

—DONALD DUNCAN

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CORRESPONDENCE

COMMUNIST, SENSATIONALIST

SIRS: This article appeared in the St. Louis Post Dispatch on May 17. I thought that your readers might be interested:

"Although it failed to have the left-of-center magazine RAMPARTS barred from St. Charles county libraries, a group of clergymen from various parts of the county has claimed a victory of sorts because the publicity has brought to light what it says is the true nature of the publication.

" 'Our primary aim was not to have the magazine removed from the library shelves, but to have it labeled for what it is,' said the Rev. Norman W. Bahlow, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church at New Melle. 'RAMPARTS, to me, has a radical flavor, to say the least. While it attempts exposé and dissent from the left, incendiary half-truths not infrequently appear. . . .'

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"Mrs. James Gittemeier of Wentzville, Republic [sic] committeewoman for Cuivre township, said the issue had become a powder keg in the county and was about to explode at any time. Earlier she and Rev. Mr. Bahlow and five other county clergymen protested without success to the library board.

"The others are the Rev. Albert Schmaltz, pastor of St. Francis Catholic Church, Portage des Sioux; the Rev. Walter Fuchs, pastor of Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, Dardenne; the Rev. Richard Dissuke, pastor of First Baptist Church of Wentzville; the Rev. Ruth Rosser, pastor of Assembly of God Church of Wentzville; and the Rev. Omer H. Brauner, pastor of St. Cletus Catholic Church in St. Charles.

"Mrs. Gittemeier denied that she had approached the Republican-controlled county court to order the magazine removed from the three county libraries, as had been reported. She said she was acting as a concerned citizen and not as a party official and that she joined the official protest to the library board only after receiving numerous telephone calls from irate residents.

" 'RAMPARTS is a hate-America magazine that is cleverly disguised with subversive propaganda,' she said. 'I wouldn't mind that so much but for the fact that it is aimed at our young people and urges them to burn draft cards and flout the law. This is a rebellious age and I hate to see these impressionable kids encouraged to do these things.'

"She said there were other publications the library might subscribe to in order to represent the liberal viewpoint.

" 'RAMPARTS is not an honest representation of anything. It's so far out as to be out of the ballpark. It actually hurts the liberal cause,' she said.

"Rev. Mr. Bahlow said he had 'read in' RAMPARTS, but had not studied any issue thoroughly. He said he had read many articles in other magazines, such as Time and National Review, attacking RAMPARTS as communist and sensationalist.

"Mrs. Nina Ladof, director of county libraries, said the main library branch in St. Charles ordered RAMPARTS along with about 80 other new magazine subscriptions in January and that it would be available at the Wentzville and O'Fallon branches only if specifically requested by a patron there. She said the magazine was selected because it was listed by the Readers' Guide to Periodical literature."

MERVIN PERKEL
St. Louis, Missouri

SHALLOW, SIMPLISTIC

SIRS: Eldridge Cleaver may be "one o the great writers on the American scene," but as a black militant I deplore the fac that RAMPARTS has chosen a man of such shallow and simplistic sociological insight to represent the radical segment o Afro-America. In his article on "The Land Question" [RAMPARTS, May 1968 Mr. Cleaver states that the black man like the Jew, is prepared to take commor action to solve his problems. This analogy is wholly inadequate because unlike the Jews, the black Americans do not form a cohesive social group with a common religion, mythology, language or a set of customs and mores.

For any form of group action to occu there must exist within that group a sense of identity, not only with the common goal of the group but also with the group itself, and without this cohesion blacks cannot form an effective coalition. For this reason whites are being excluded by militant black organizations Their most immediate aim is to create a culture which will provide the social identity and cohesion so essential for an effective Black Revolution.

HUMPHREY P. POLANEN
Clinton, New York

ON CHOOSING

SIRS: I have great respect and admiration for your Robert Scheer. However, sometimes he is using too much salt and pepper and should be more careful not to spoil the dish he is serving. I am particularly referring to his article "The 'Peace' Candidates" in your May issue It is O.K. to remove the possible illusion that any one candidate for President is a saint and saviour who, if only elected will bring utopia down to earth. However it can serve no purpose at all to give the impression that all is futile and none of the candidates is worth any effort on his behalf. This most certainly can only play into the hands of the most undesirable candidates. It would have been more helpful if Mr. Scheer would at least have offered the name of the "least undesirable" candidate.

FELIX SPIELMAN
New York City

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